

REYNOLDS

OF THE MOUNTED

DUSTY DANE

MICKEY FINN

BIG TOP

ZERO

RUSTY RYAN

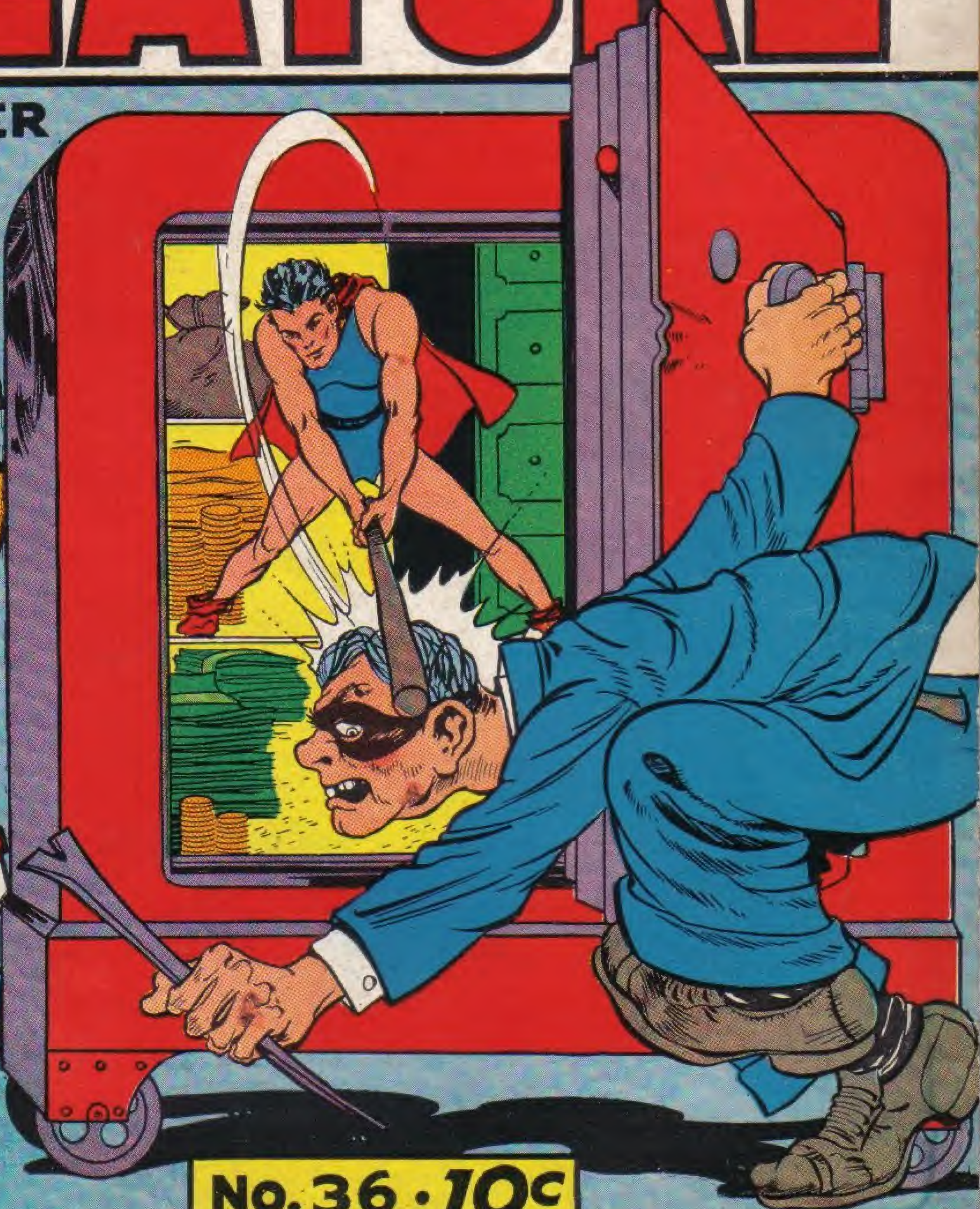
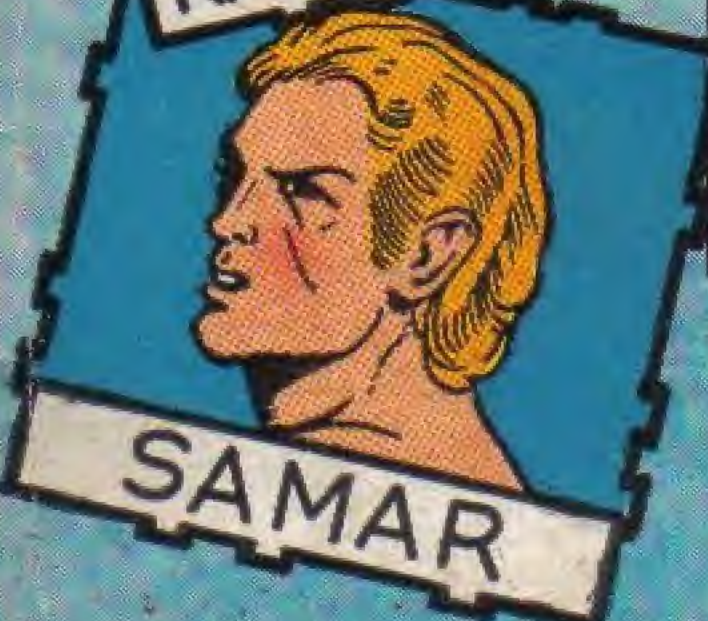
POISON IVY

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

SEPTEMBER



No. 36 • 10c



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

FEATURE COMICS

starring

The Doll Man Samar Big Top
Lala Palooza Rance Keane
Zero, Ghost Detective
Reynolds Of The Mounted

CRACK COMICS

starring

The Black Condor The Clock
Alias The Spider Jane Arden
The Space Legion Ned Brant
Molly The Model

SMASH COMICS

starring

Espionage The Ray
Bozo The Robot Wings Wendall
Invisible Justice Abdul The Arab
The Purple Trio

NATIONAL COMICS

starring

Uncle Sam Merlin The Magician
Wonder Boy The Kid Patrol
Kid Dixon Pen Miller
Sally O'Neil, Policewoman

HIT COMICS

starring

Hercules The Red Bee The Strange Twins
Bob and Swab X-5 Super Agent
Betty Bates Neon, The Unknown

**BUY FEATURE COMICS, SMASH COMICS, CRACK COMICS,
NATIONAL COMICS AND HIT COMICS EACH MONTH
FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER**

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
'WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE -
'A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER -
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT -
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!



IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE -
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSE -
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



**Make sure your new bike
has a MORROW
COASTER BRAKE**

Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting;
more ball bear-
ings (31) than any
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • Elmira, New York

THE DOLL MAN

HEADLESS BODIES ARE DISCOVERED ALONG THE BANKS OF A LONELY RIVER. THE POLICE ARE MYSTIFIED, BUT DARREL DANE DETERMINES TO UNMASK THE MURDERER.....

THE DOLL MAN IS NEXT!

MY COLLECTION WILL NOT BE COMPLETE UNTIL I HAVE THE DOLL MAN... I KNOW HIS TRUE IDENTITY... HE IS DARREL DANE!

By William Edwin McNeill

DANE IS SEARCHING THE RIVER, NOW. GO AND BRING HIM BACK TO ME!

DARREL DANE AND PROFESSOR ROBERTS SCOUR THE BANKS OF THE RIVER...

AFTER MANY HOURS...

WE'RE JUST WHERE WE STARTED! THE FEW CLUES WE'VE FOUND WILL LEAD US NO FURTHER!

LOOKING FOR MISSING HEADS GENTLEMEN?

PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!



A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND SWEEPS
THE HAT FROM KREEPER'S HEAD...



REVEALING...



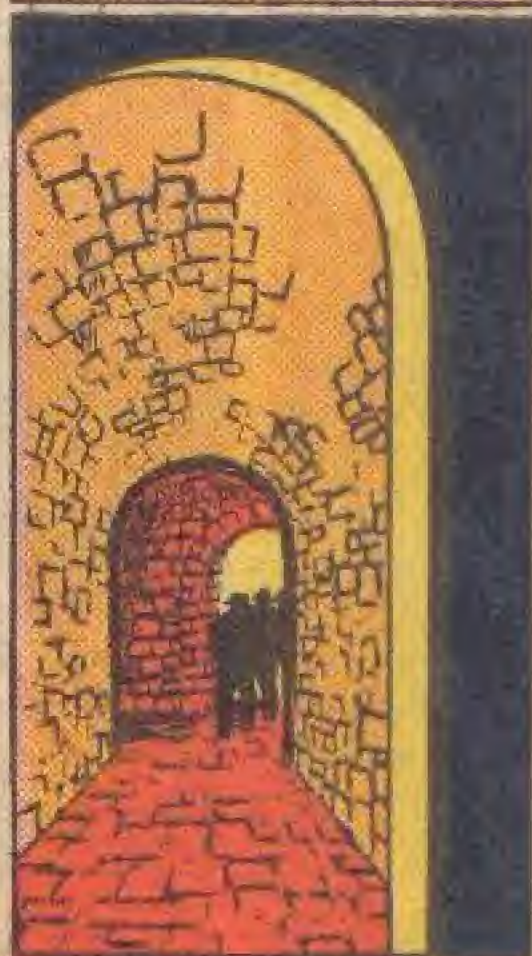
THEY FOLLOW THE OLD MAN TO
THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN....



WINDING STAIRS LEAD
UP THROUGH THE DARK
HEART OF THE
MOUNTAIN...



LONG
PASSAGES
ECHO WITH THE
RING OF FOOTSTEPS.



A GLASS FLOOR!
THERE'S SOME SORT
OF LABORATORY
DOWN THERE!



GREAT
SCOTT!
WHAT A
GHASTLY
SIGHT!



SUDDENLY SENSING DANGER, DARREL WHIRLS ABOUT...



SO, YOU WANTED TO TRAP US!

WELL, WE'RE NOT MARKED AS YOUR VICTIMS YET!



DARREL!! THE ENTRANCE HAS CLOSED! WE'RE PRISONERS HERE!



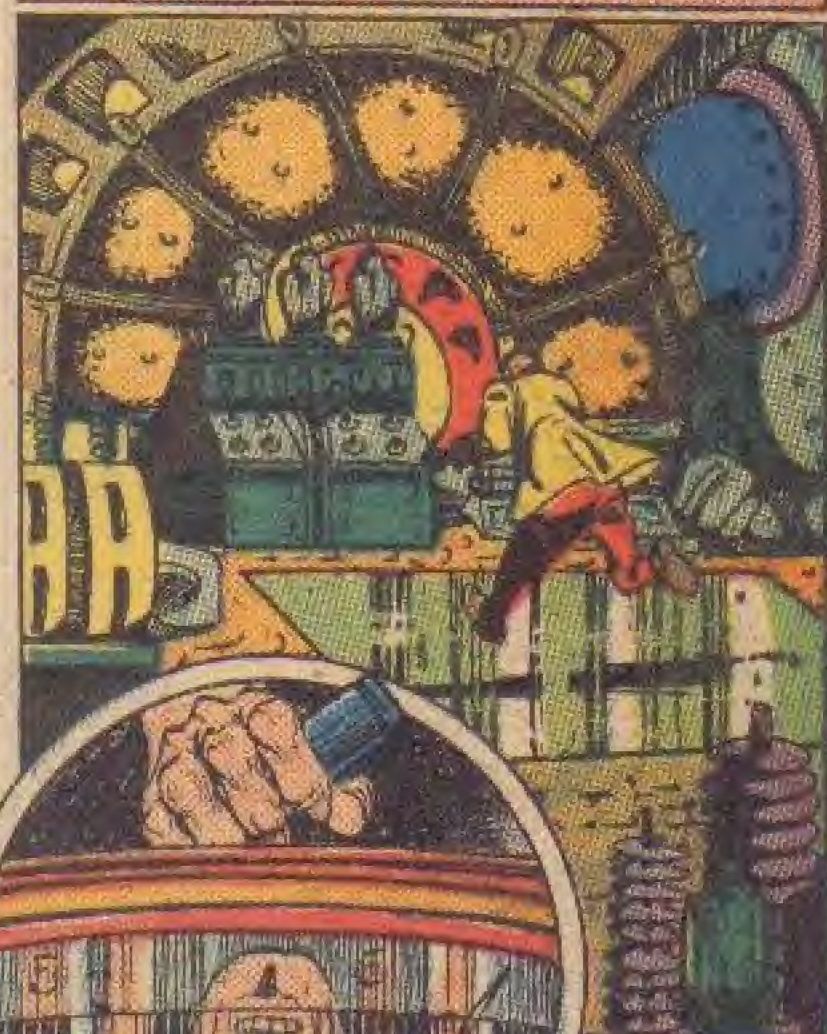
FRANTICALLY THEY SEARCH FOR A WAY OUT...



UNNOTICED, KREEPER SLIPS QUIETLY THROUGH A SECRET SLIDING PANEL...



DASHING TO A HUGE ELECTRO AIR PUMP, HE PULLS THE LEVER...



IMMEDIATELY THE AIR IS DRAWN THROUGH OPEN VENTS IN THE CEILING ABOVE DANE AND ROBERTS...



HE'S TRYING TO SUFFOCATE US!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

A QUICK TRANSFORMATION, AND DARREL DANE BECOMES THE....



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT!

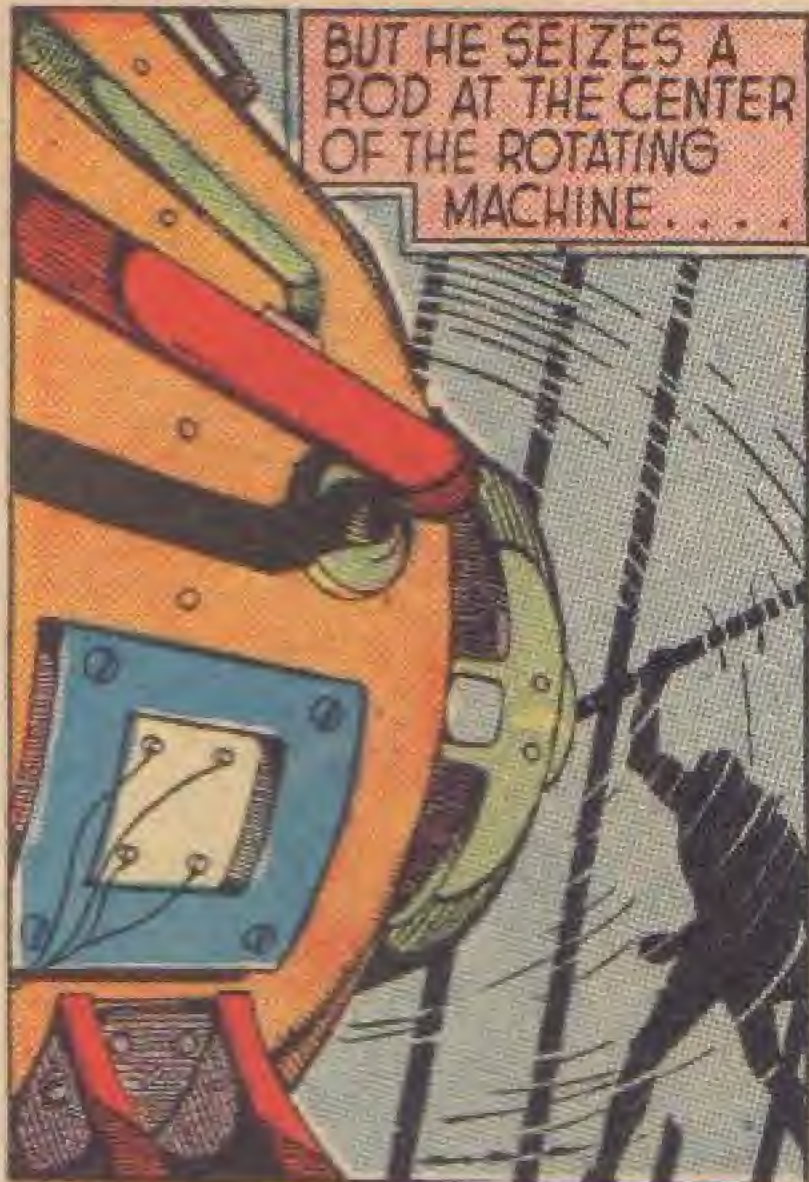
THROUGH THE AIR VENTS!



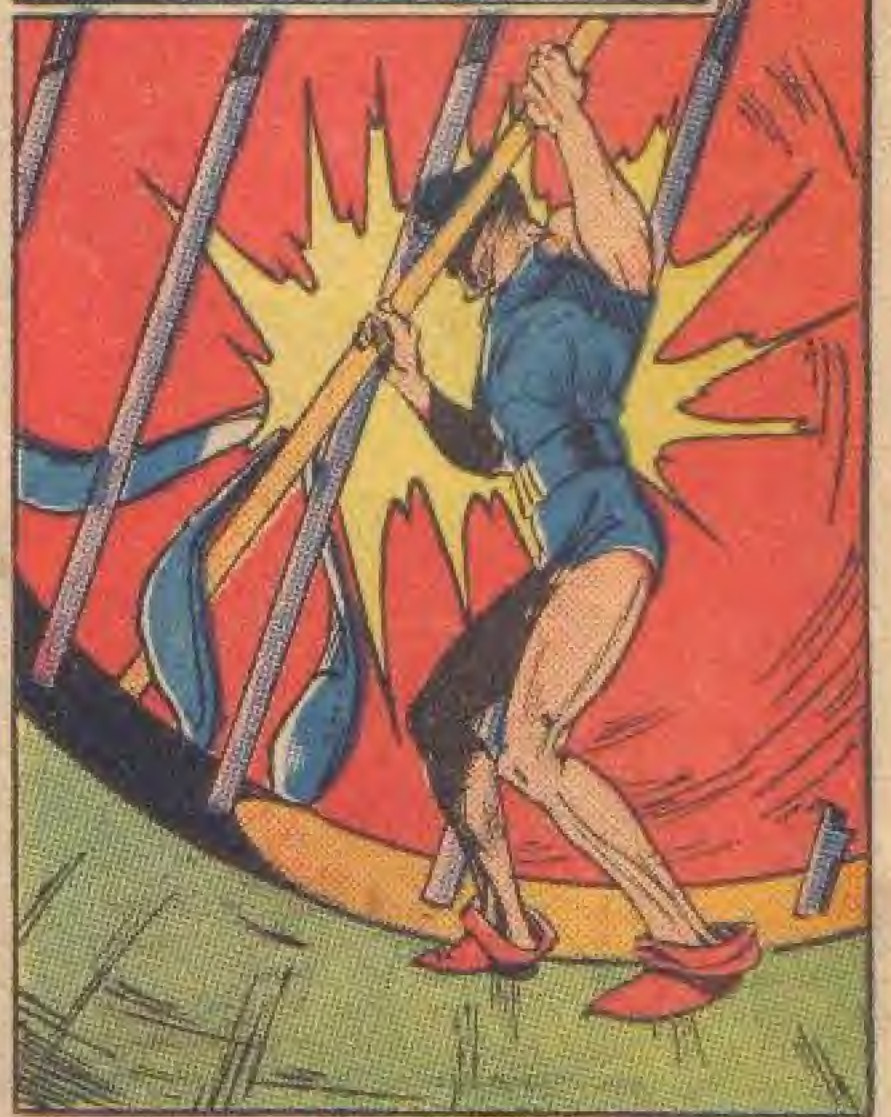
A WHIRLING FAN DRAWS THE DOLL MAN DANGEROUSLY NEAR ITS BLADES....



BUT HE SEIZES A ROD AT THE CENTER OF THE ROTATING MACHINE....



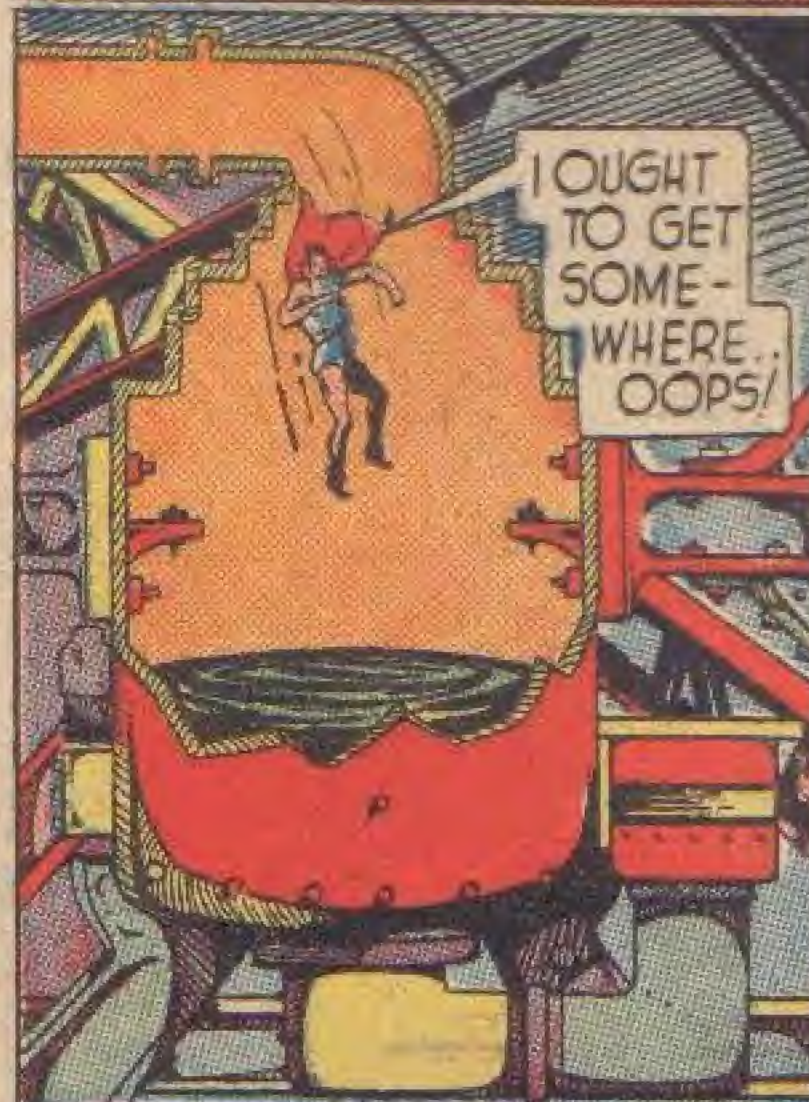
AND JAMS THE BLADES...



HE CLIMBS OVER THE INTRICATE MECHANISM...



THROUGH THE PIPES AND....



INTO A TANK OF FILTER WATER...



THIS MUST LEAD TO THAT LAB WE SAW!

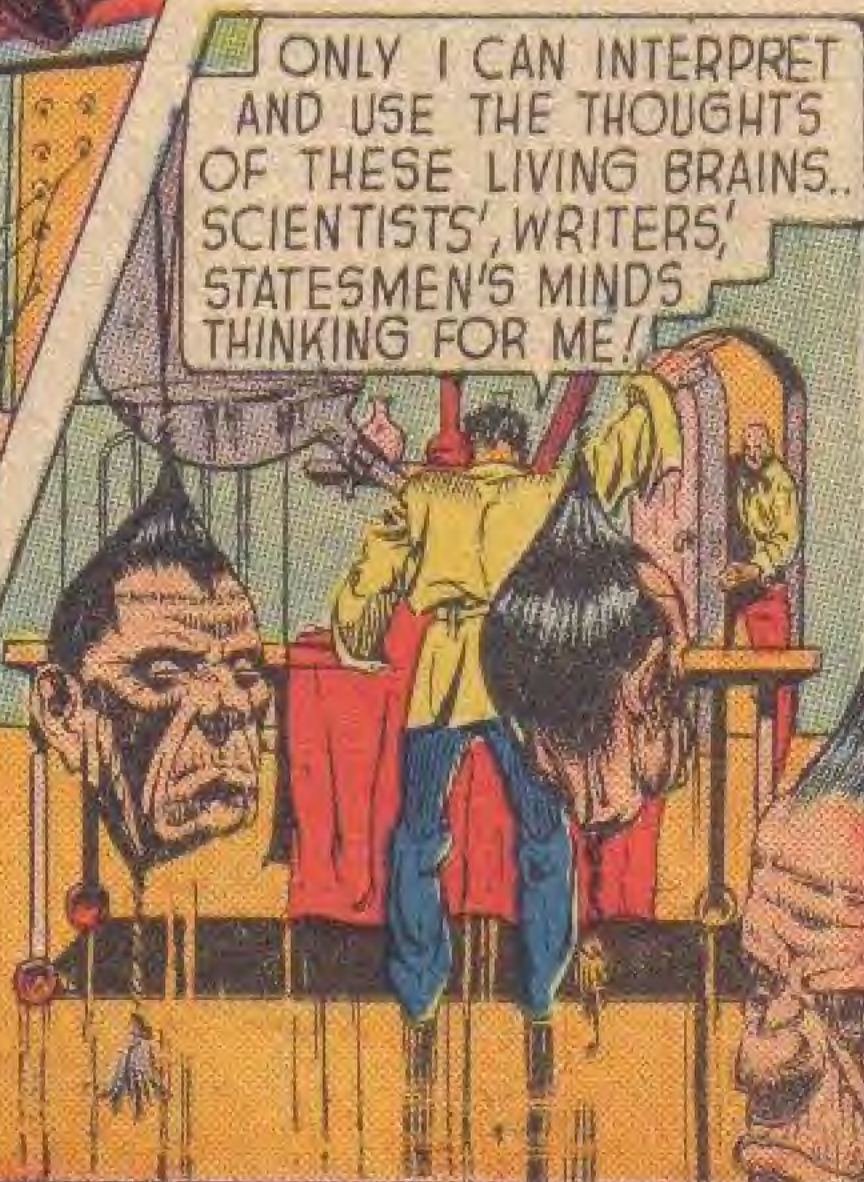
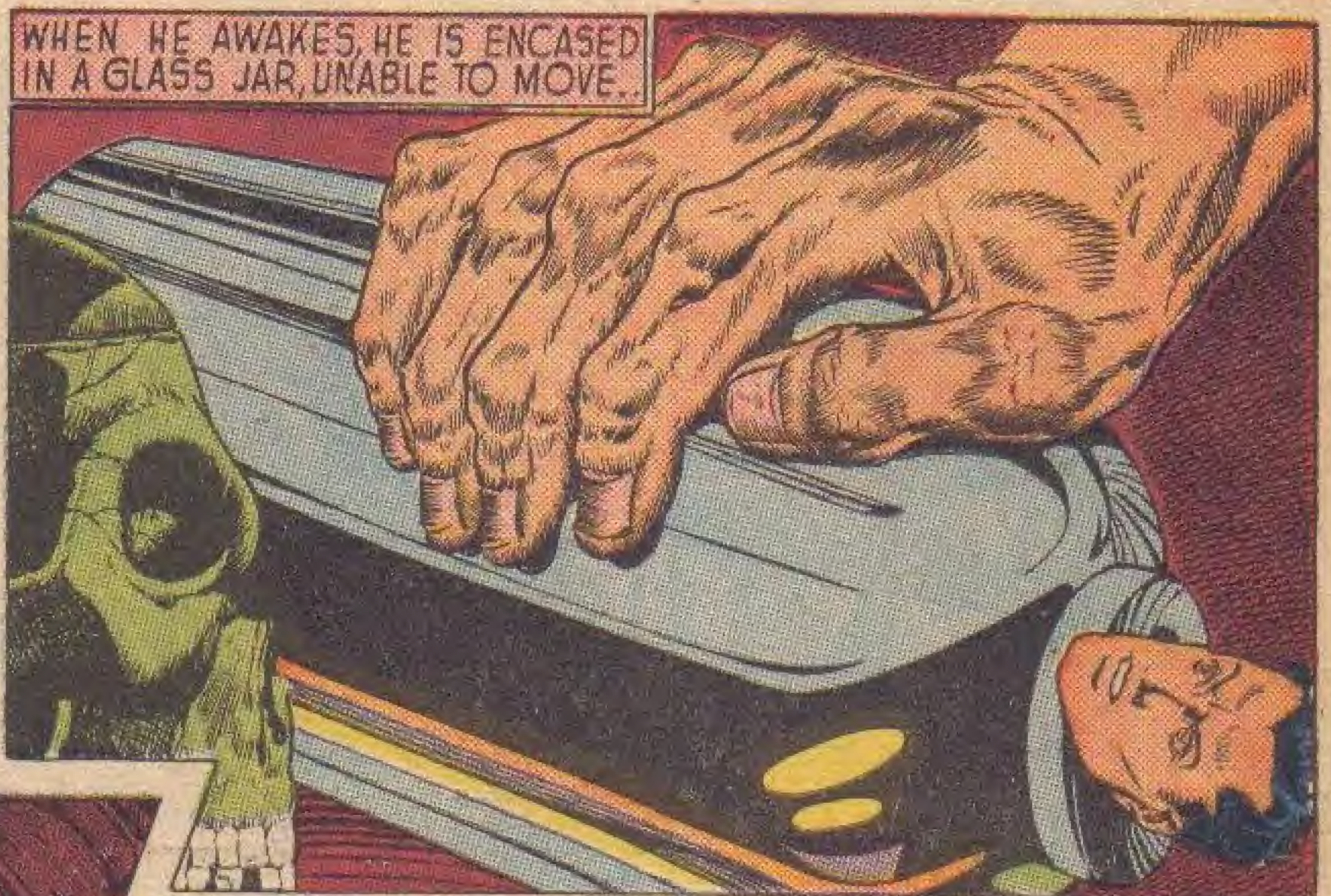


THE DOLL MAN DASHES TO THE GRATING AT THE BASE OF A HUGE STEEL DOOR....



HE DOESN'T LOOK AS VILLAINOUS AS KREEPER... PROBABLY A SLAVE!





ROBERTS IS STILL TRAPPED
ABOVE...



AH/PROFESSOR,
YOU WILL BE A WITNESS
TO MY DELICATE OPERATION
REMOVING THE BRAIN OF
YOUR SMALL FRIEND!



YOU
INHUMAN
FIEND!



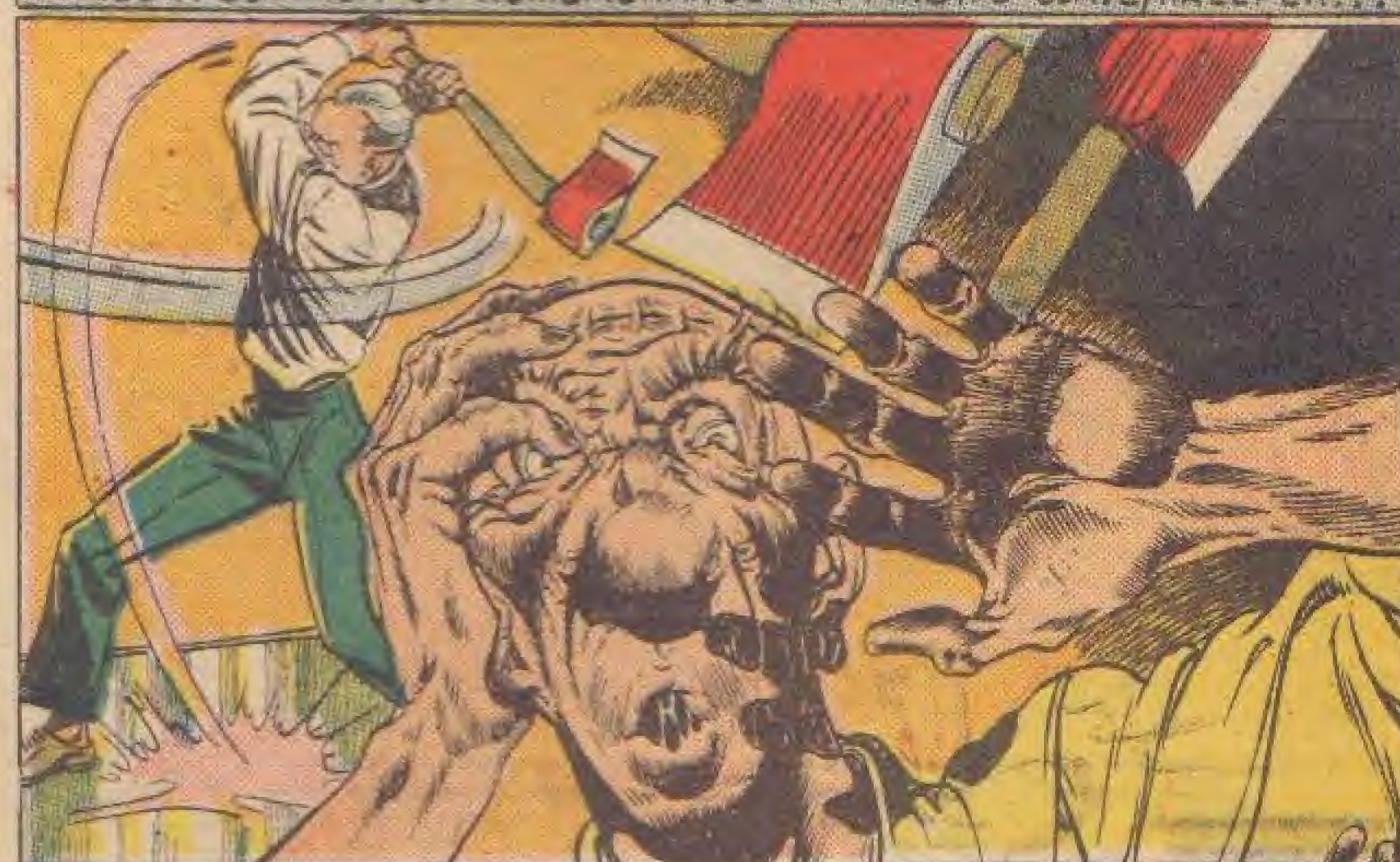
I'M SURPRISED,
ROBERTS.... A
SCIENTIST LIKE YOU
SHOULD BE INTER-
ESTED IN MY
WORK!

SUDDENLY ROBERTS FINDS THE AXE
THAT KREEPER HAD DROPPED...



I'VE GOT TO GET
THROUGH TO SAVE
HIM!

THE GLASS FLOOR IS IMPENETRABLE, BUT THE CONSTANT POUNDING
WAKES A GLIMMER OF REMEMBRANCE IN PYTHON'S SLAVE, KREEPER...



MADLY, HE LEAPS AT PYTHON!



YOU... YOU STOLE MY MIND..
YOU'VE MADE ME A SLAVE!



ROBBER!
MONSTER!
I'LL KILL YOU..
I'LL....

KREEPER BECOMES A
TORNADO OF UNLEASHED
FURY...



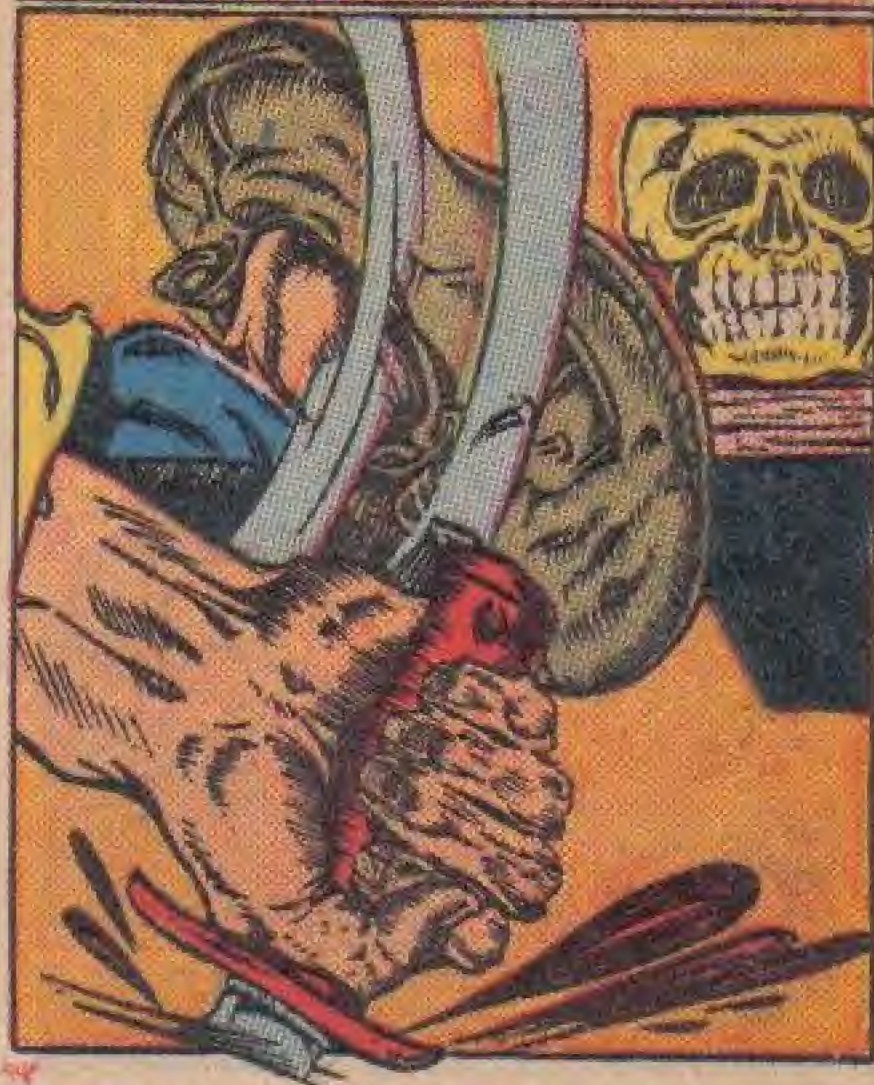
THE LABORATORY RESOUNDS WITH INFURIATED CRIES AND CURSES...



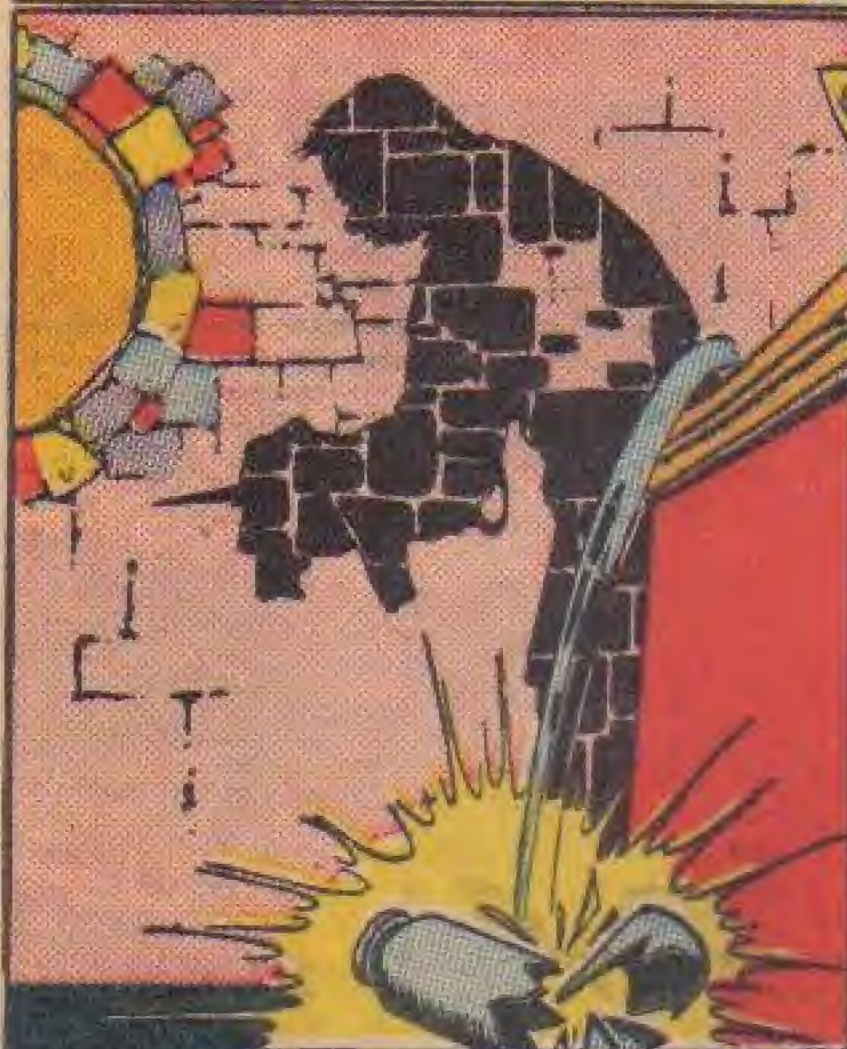
WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES, THE DOLL MAN SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEMPT AN ESCAPE...



KREEDER MEETS HIS DOOM AS THE KNIFE PLUNGES THROUGH HIS HEART!



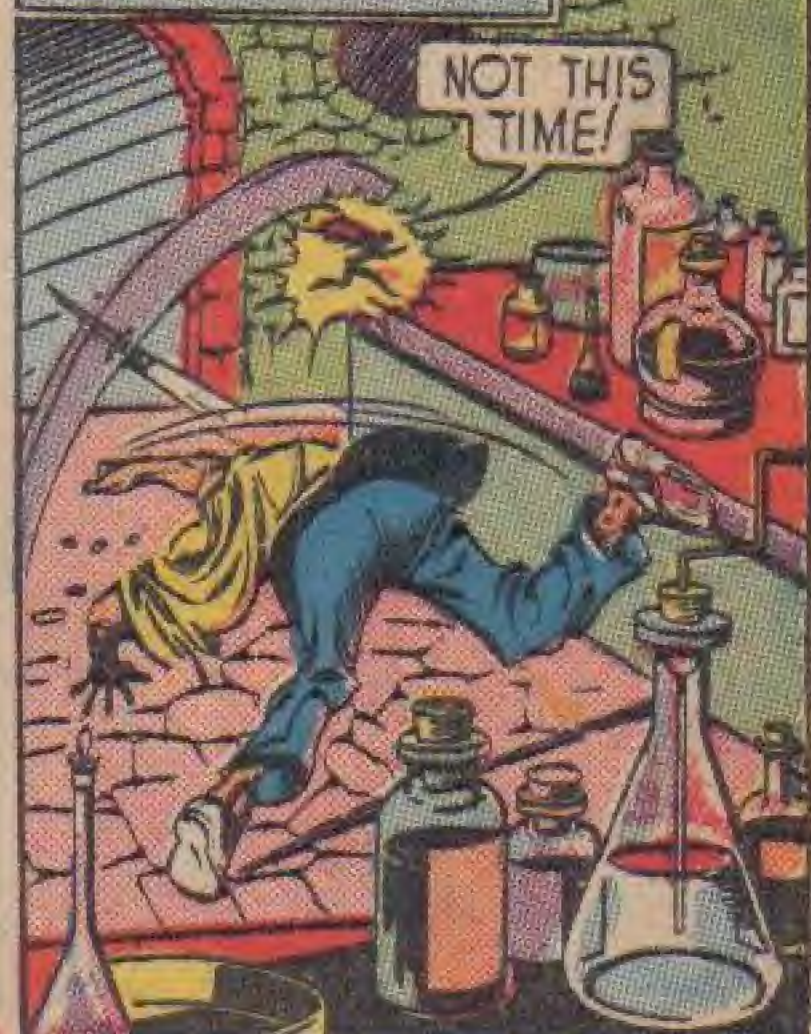
DR. PYTHON DOES NOT HEAR THE SMASH OF GLASS BEHIND HIM, UNTIL...



YOUR FIENDISH EXPERIMENT HAS COME TO AN END, DOCTOR!



IN SUDDEN FURY, THE DOCTOR HURLS HIS BLADE...



NOT THIS TIME!

NOW THAT I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU WON'T FIND IT SO EASY TO TRICK ME!



A RAIN OF BOTTLES SENDS A SHOWER OF BROKEN GLASS ABOUT THE ROOM....



THAT'S A NASTY DISPLAY OF TEMPER!



ROUSED TO A TERRIBLE PITCH OF ANGER, PYTHON REACHES FOR A VIAL OF BUBBLING FLUID...



AS IT SPATTERS AGAINST THE WALL, THE ROOM BURSTS INTO FLAMES.



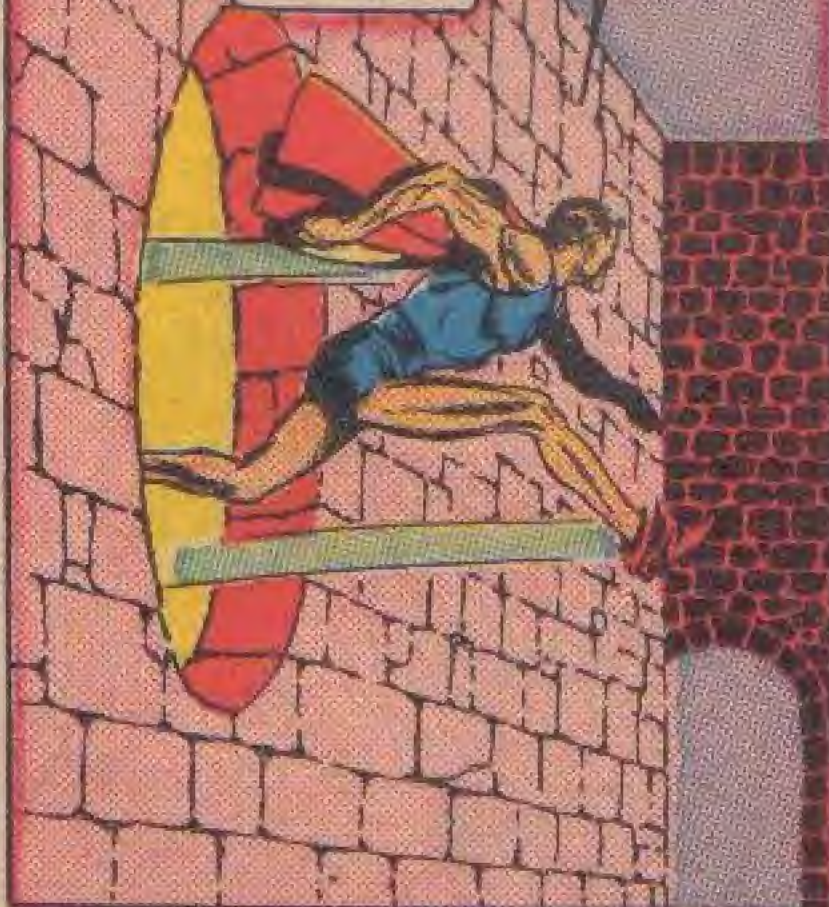
DANCING TONGUES OF FIRE LICK THE DOCTOR'S CLOTHING...



SHRIEKING IN TERRORIZED AGONY, HE RACES FROM THE BURNING BUILDING...



I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY... HE'LL SET THE WOODS ON FIRE...



LIKE A HUMAN TORCH, THE DOCTOR BLAZES DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...



SUDDENLY...

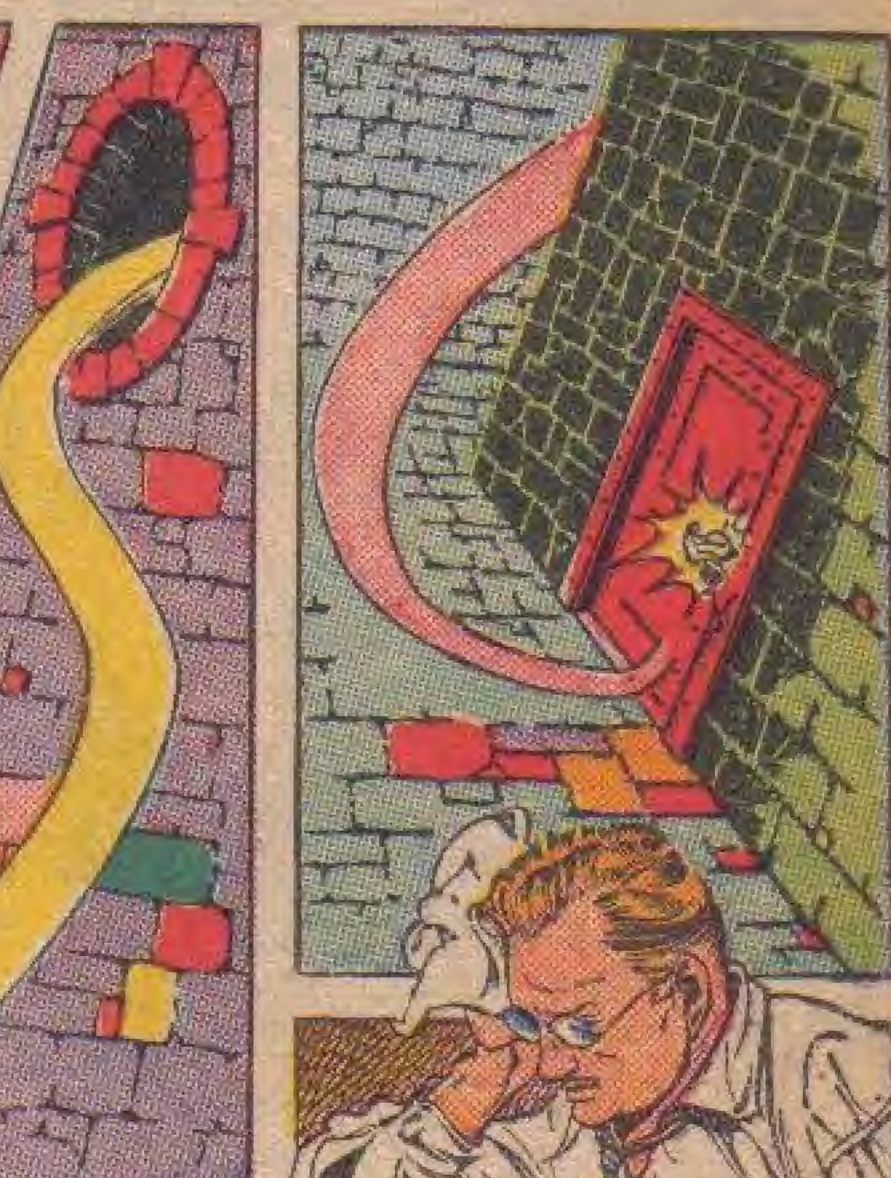
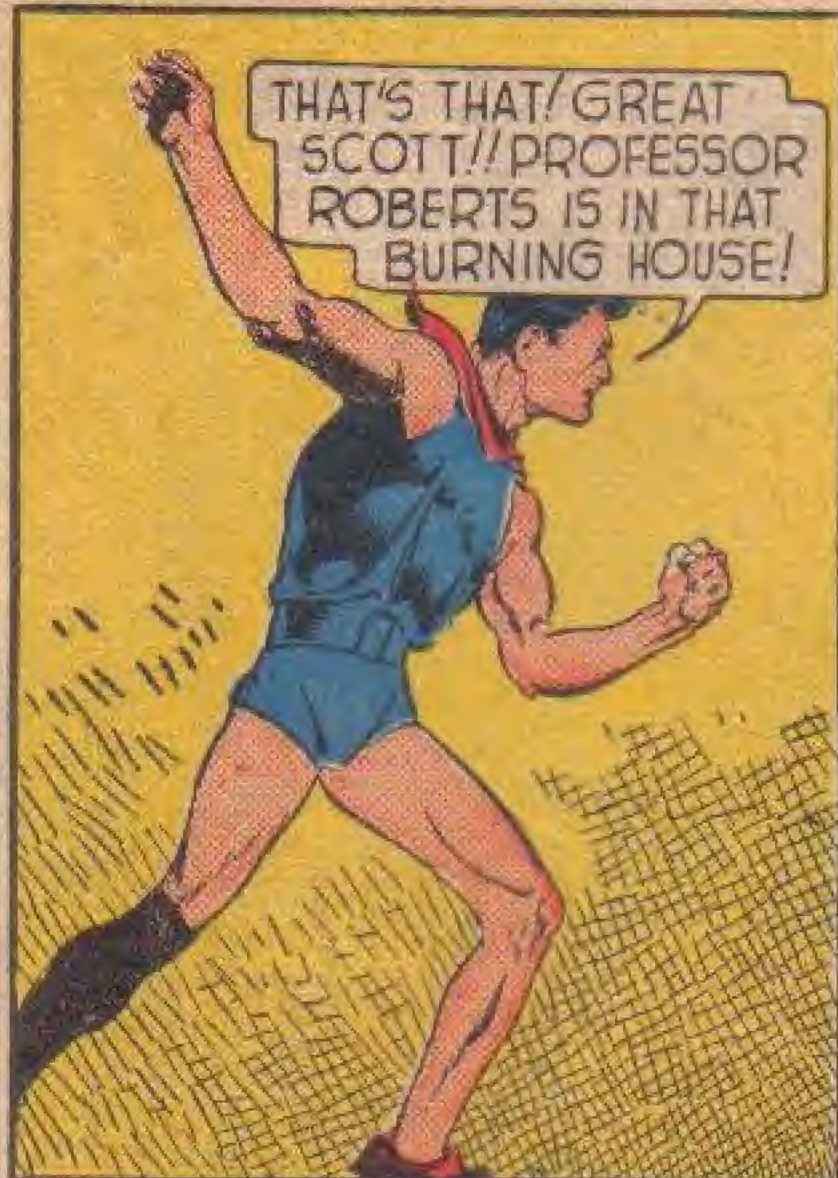


HE STAGGERS AND DROPS...



DOWN TO THE GLISTENING STREAM AND THE ROCKS BELOW...





HE RELEASES THE TRAPPED MAN...



JUST IN TIME!



RANCE KEANE

By
Will Arthur

AFTER A FINE CHOP SUEY DINNER IN CHINATOWN, LOLA PRITCHARD TAKES RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE LEE SIGHTSEEING TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY OUT IN NEW YORK'S BUSY HARBOR..... ON THEIR WAY BACK.....



I DON'T SAVVY HOW IT'S STILL SO LIGHT SO LONG AFTER SUPPER, LOLA.....

NEW YORK'S ON DAYLIGHT-SAVING, RANCE. AN HOUR AHEAD OF STANDARD TIME. IT GIVES US AN EXTRA HOUR OF LIGHT IN THE EVENING.....



GEE, AIN'T RANCE AND LOLA CHUMMY THOUGH? I COULDN'T WISHT NOTHIN' BETTER FER RANCE THAN T' HAVE LOLA FOR A STEADY GIRL..... ONLY I WISHT I HAD HER MYSELF.....



ON THE DECK BELOW A TRAGIC FIGURE COWERS ALONE BY THE RAIL OF THIS SAME BOAT THAT IS TAKING OUR FRIENDS BACK TO MANHATTAN ISLAND.....

I CAN'T FACE THE DISGRACE... IT'LL BE IN ALL THE PAPERS. I'LL BE SENT TO PRISON... THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT!!



RANCE! THERE'S A MAN STRUGGLING IN THE WATER!

DAGNAB IT! JUST AS RANCE WAS GETTIN' REAL COZY WITH LOLA THIS HAS T' HAPPEN!



KEEP YOUR CHIN UP MISTER, I'M COMING!

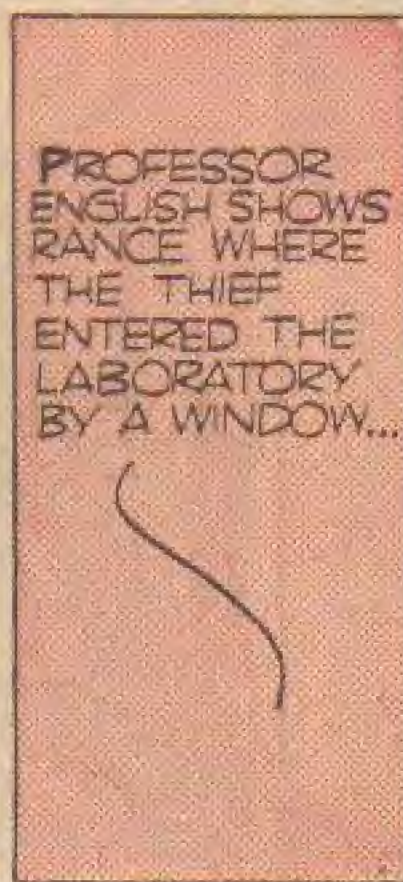
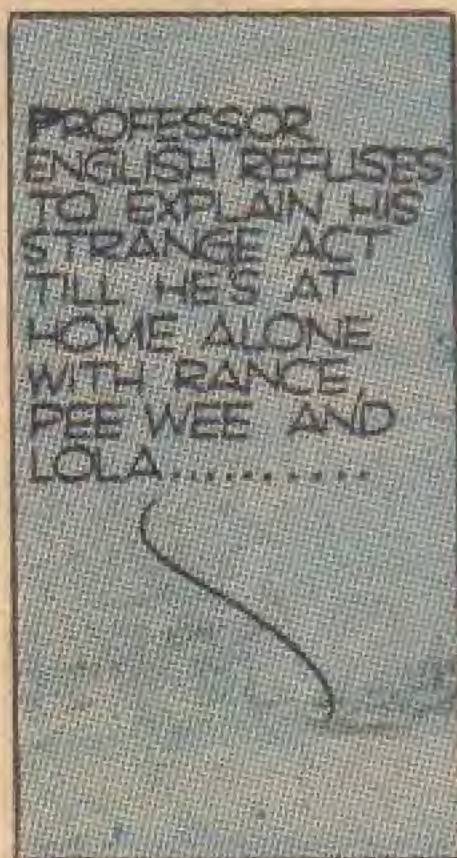
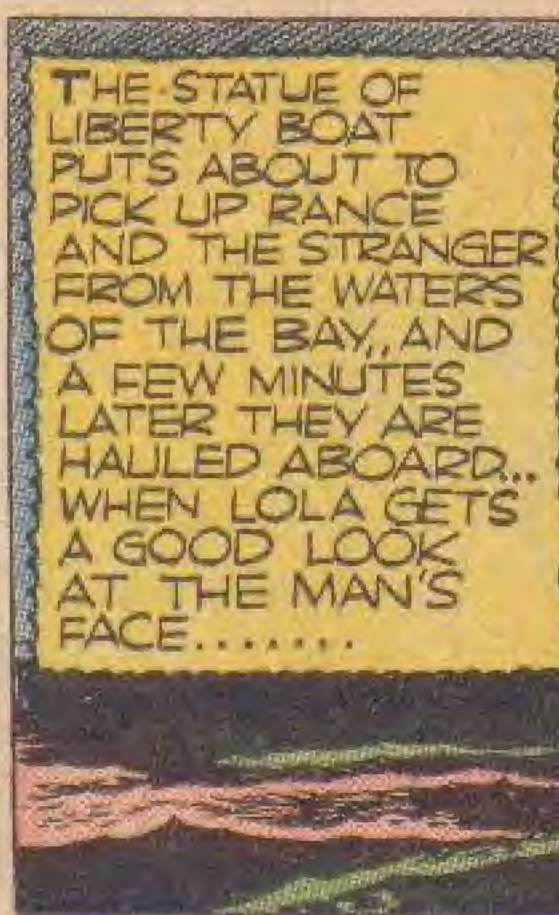
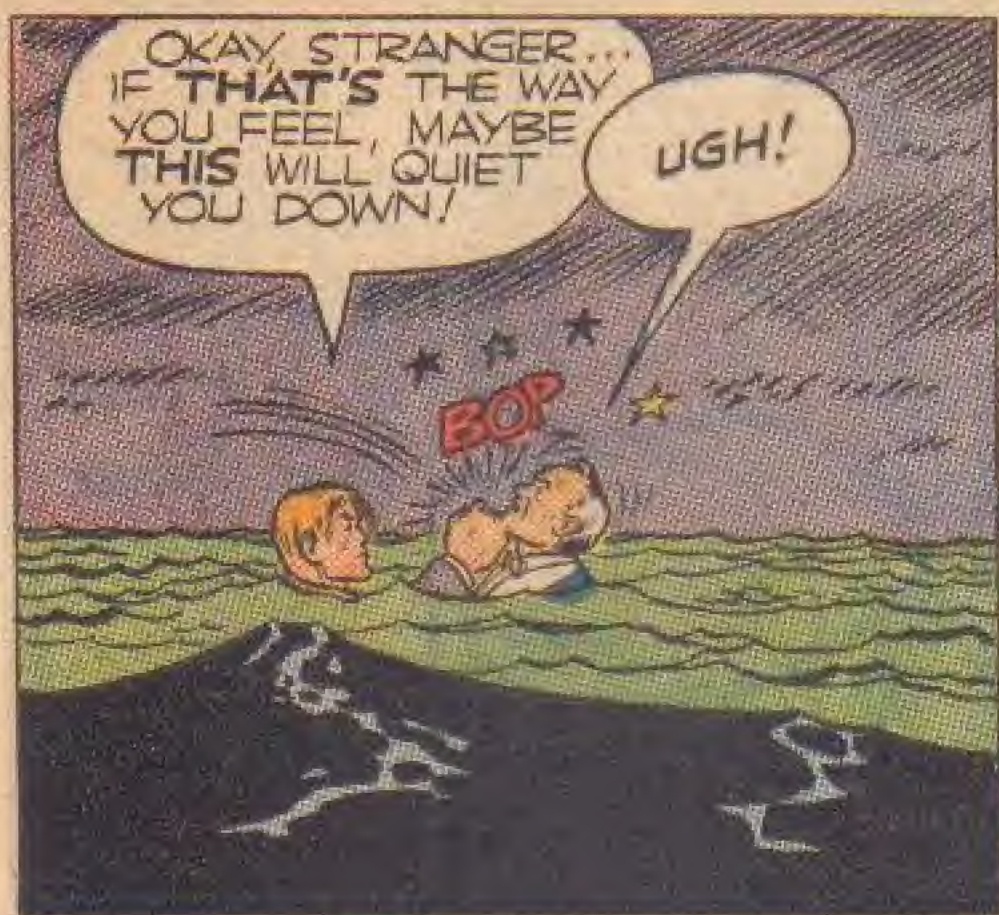
SHIP AHOY! WHOA! THROW OUT A LIFEBOUY! BACK UP! A GUY'S DROWNDING!



TAKE IT EASY, STRANGER!

LET ME GO! I WANT TO DIE!







RANCE, LOLA AND PEE WEE ARE USHERED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE DOOR BY THE VERY PUZZLED PROFESSOR ENGLISH.....



RANCE HURRIES AWAY THROUGH ANOTHER HOUSE, OVER A COUPLE OF BACK FENCES, AND UP THROUGH PROFESSOR ENGLISH'S BACK GARDEN.....



STEALTHILY RANCE
OPENS THE
LABORATORY WINDOW
WITHOUT THE
PROFESSOR
HEARING HIM.
BUT JUST AS HE
STEPS THROUGH...



APPARENTLY
CRAZED WITH
FEAR, THE
PROFESSOR
POINTS THE
GUN AT HIS
OWN HEAD...
RANCE WHIPS
OFF HIS HAT
AND SLAMS
IT IN THE
PROFESSOR'S
FACE.....



FOLLOWING UP
HIS MOMENTARY
ADVANTAGE,
RANCE GRAPPLES
WITH THE
CRAZED MAN.....



FOLLOW RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS.

BIG TOP



I'M GOIN' RIGHT IN AN' PUT TH' BITE ON THE BOSS - I GOTTA GET A RAISE!



HULLO, BOSS, ER-A-NOW, Y'SEE..

OH, HULLO, BUTCH-SAY, I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CUT IN SALARY!



A CUT IN SALARY! GULP.. HUH-GOSH! - I WAS..

PST!



DID YOU CALL ME, MISTER?

I DID - I'M P.T. BARNUM! YOU'VE HEARD OF ME - BIGGEST SHOWMAN IN THE COUNTRY!



TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK!

..I CAN USE A GOOD COMEDY ACT LIKE YOURS, MY FRIEND - I'M PREPARED TO OFFER YOU TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK!



NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THIS CONTRACT..

GIMME THAT PEN!



TWO HUNDRED SKINS EVERY WEEK! OH BOY! WAIT'LL I SHOW THIS TO THE BOSS!



I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS - I'VE SIGNED WITH P.T. BARNUM!

P.T. BARNUM? HUH - HA HA HA HA!



I'M P.T. BARNUM - YOU'VE HEARD OF ME - BIGGEST SHOWMAN IN THE COUNTRY..



..I CAN USE A GOOD ACT LIKE YOURS, MY FRIEND - I'M PREPARED TO OFFER YOU..



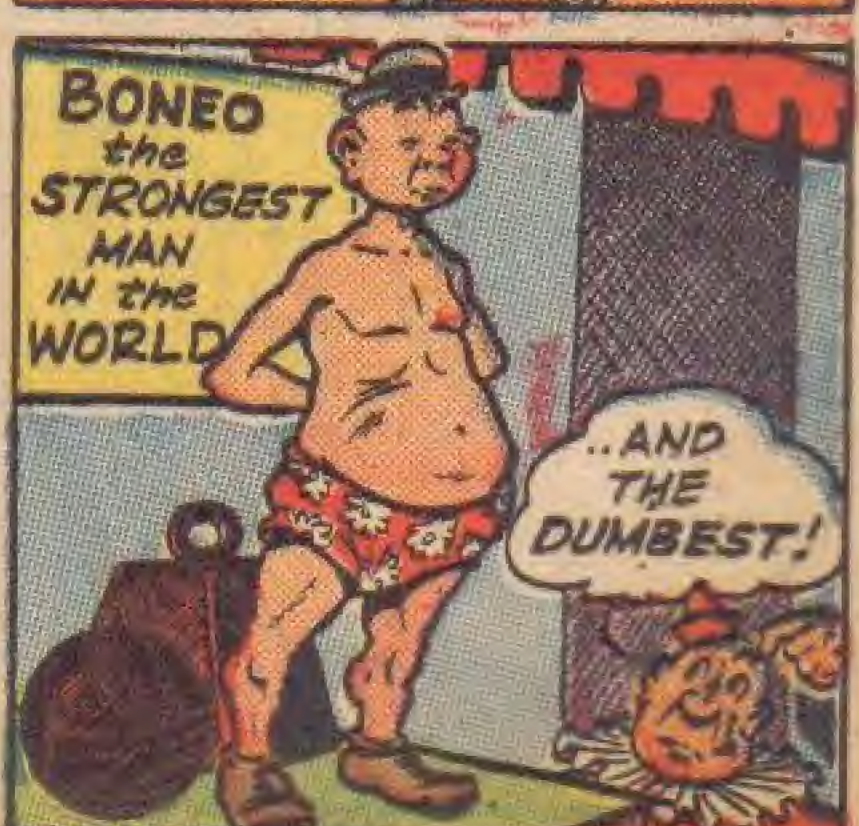
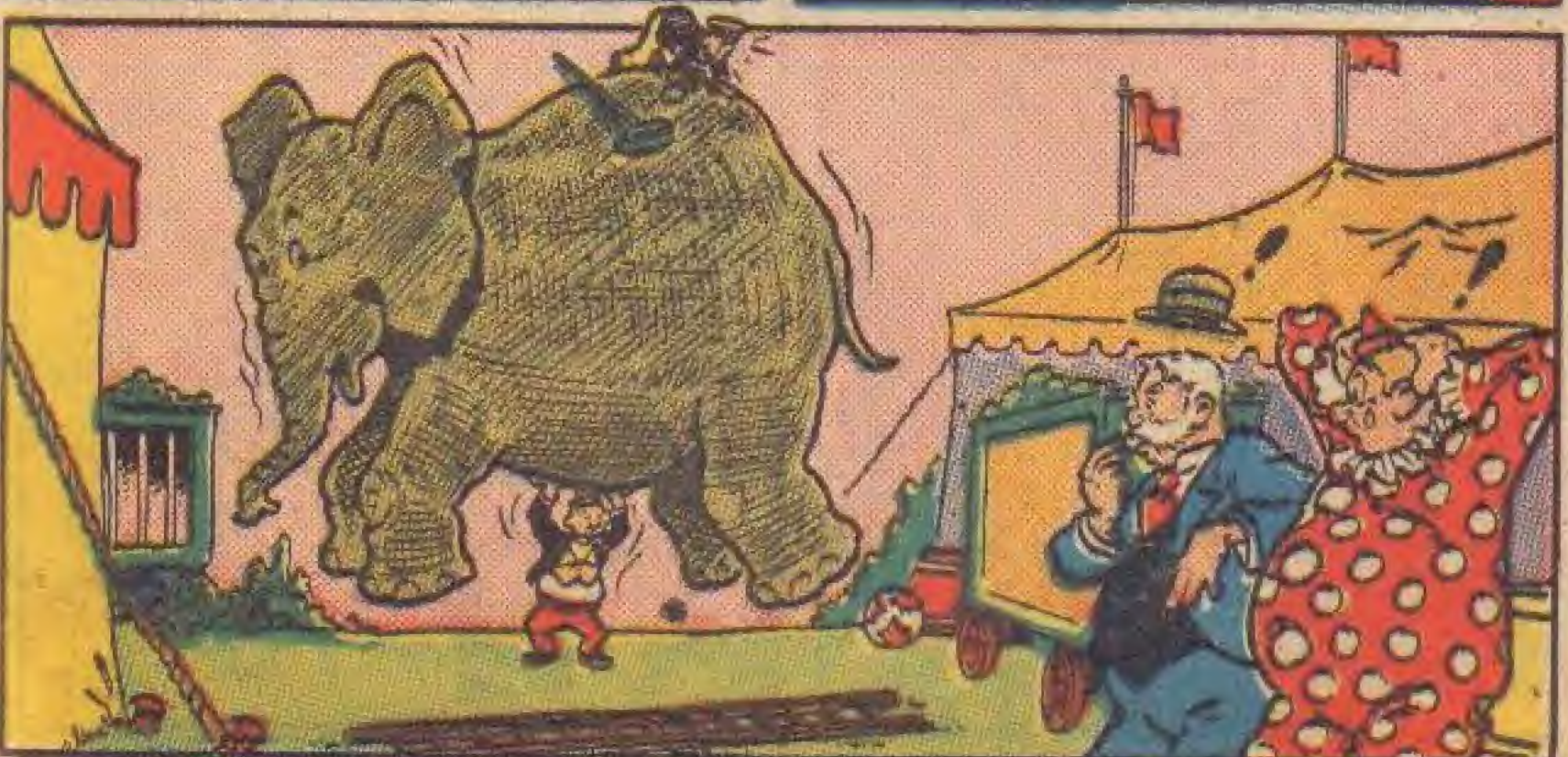
HA HA HO HO HO


AW - NOW LISSSEN, BOSS..

EVERYTIME HE ESCAPES HE HEADS FOR THE NEAREST CIRCUS!

NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THIS CONTRACT...

BIG TOP





SAMAR

By John Charles

TWO JUNGLE FRIENDS SWING IDLY AMONG THE VINES AND BRANCHES... SAMAR AND HIS PAL, THE APE.



SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THAT?!



A WOMAN'S SCREAM! IT CAME FROM THE SWAMP!



CAUGHT IN THE QUICK-SAND!

OH! SAVE ME!

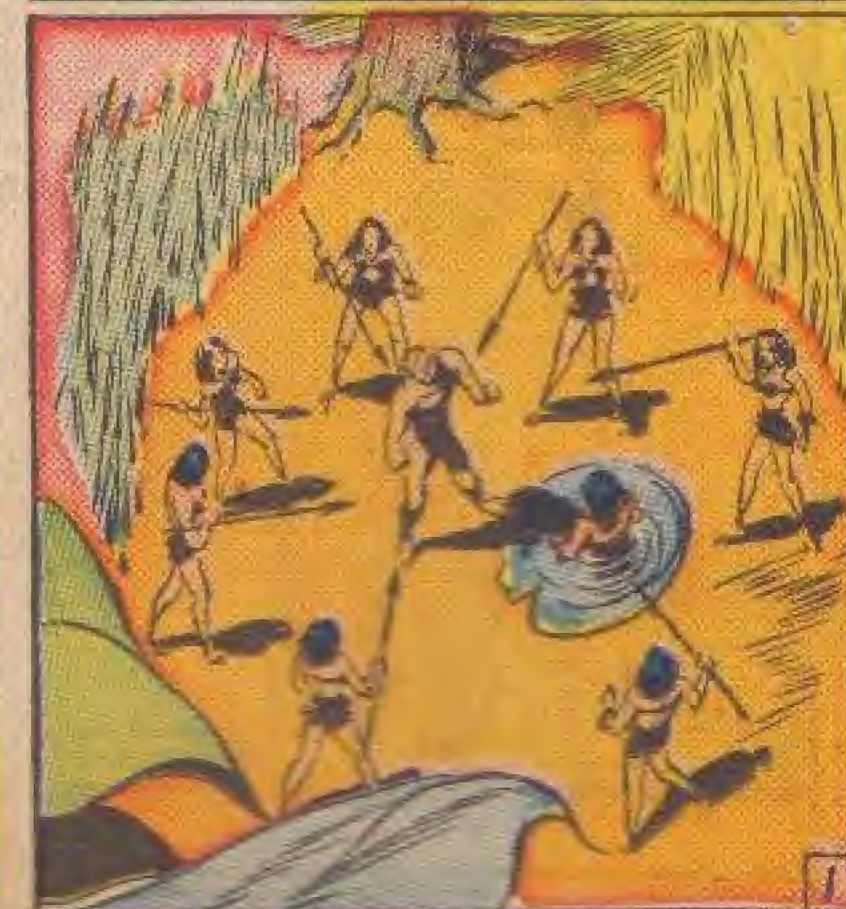


SAMAR SWINGS TO THE RESCUE, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER THAT LURKS IN THE TALL REEDS...

HERE, GIVE ME YOUR HAND!



BUT IN ANOTHER INSTANT, HE REALIZES THAT HE HAS FALLEN INTO A CLEVER TRAP! HE IS SURROUNDED BY A RING OF DAZZLING AMAZONIAN BEAUTIES.



HE IS BOUND AND LED AWAY.

LAZANA, OUR
QUEEN, WILL REWARD
US RICHLY FOR
THIS PRIZE!



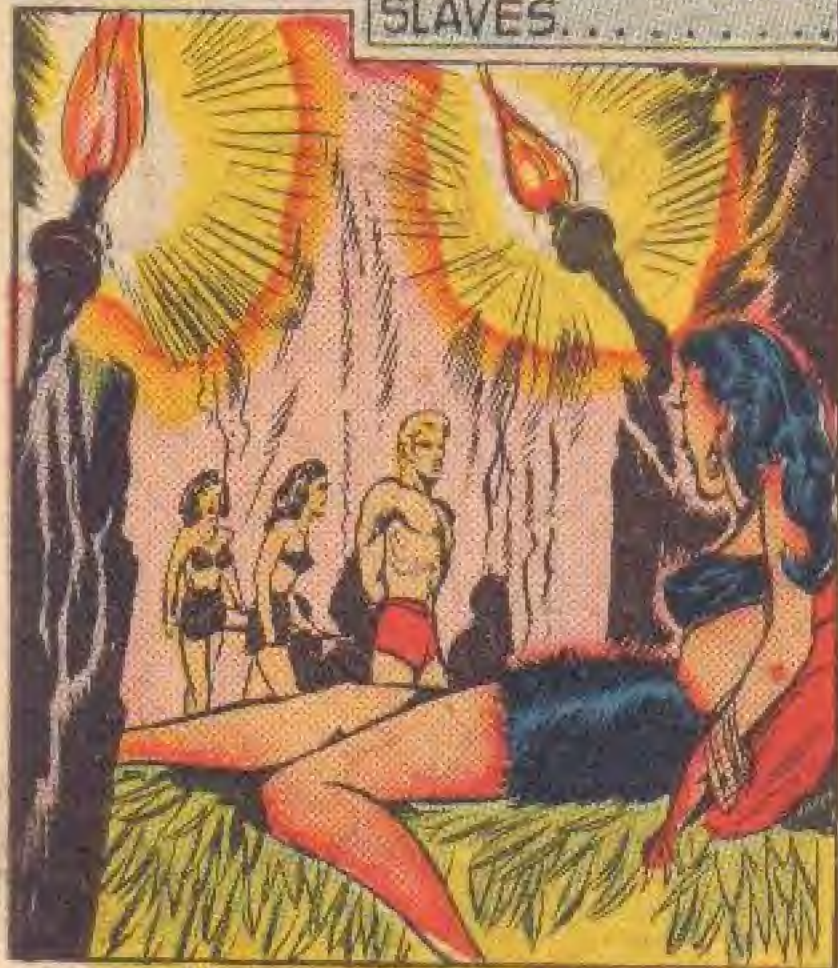
THROUGH MANY MILES OF THE
DENSE JUNGLE, THEY REACH A
LITTLE KNOWN MOUNTAIN
RANGE... A HUGE CAVERN
YAWNS AHEAD....



STRANGE... I HAVE
NEVER COME UPON
THIS PLACE
BEFORE!



WITHIN GORGEOUS WOMEN RE-
CLINING IN SPLENDOR, SHOUT
HARSH ORDERS TO THEIR MALE
SLAVES.....



SAMAR IS CRUELLY LASHED ON
HIS WAY TO THE FAR END OF THE
GREAT CAVE...



BOW BEFORE
LAZANA,
SLAVE!



NO! LET HIM REMAIN
STANDING...HMM...
FINE SPECIMEN!



I'M GLAD YOU
APPRECIATE
THAT... BUT...
WHAT?!

SILENCE!!
NO MAN MAY
SPEAK TO
LAZANA!
GUARDS, BRING
IN MY FAVORITE
SLAVE!



AH, YES... THE NEW
ONE IS TALLER... HIS
HAIR MORE GOLDEN...
HIS SHOULDERS MORE
POWERFUL!



LAZANA GESTURES TO
HER GUARD AND...

THIS BLONDE GIANT
WILL TAKE HIS
PLACE!



A KNIFE IN THE BACK SPELLS
THE END OF THE FORMER
FAVORITE OF THE QUEEN.

EEYOW!



NOW, SLAVE, YOU
MAY CARRY AWAY
THE BODY AND RETURN
FOR FURTHER
ORDERS!



DO YOU EXPECT ME TO
STAND FOR THIS BARBARISM,
YOU DAUGHTER OF
SATAN?!



BUT AS HE WHIRLS ABOUT
ANGRILY, SAMAR IS FACED
WITH A RING OF ARCHERS,
THEIR BOWS DRAWN.....



THE QUEEN SPEAKS
WITH RESTRAINED FURY.

PERHAPS THIS WILL SHOW
YOU HOW FORTUNATE YOU ARE,
UNGRATEFUL WRETCH..TO BE
CHOSEN AS MY FAVORITE!
THIS IS WHAT MY OTHER
SLAVES MUST SUFFER!



SAMAR GAZES IN HORROR AT THE
HIDEOUSLY STARVED BODIES OF
THE CRINGING MEN!

YOU WOULD HAVE
ESCAPED ALL
THAT, BUT...



..YOUR IMPUDENCE SHALL SEND
YOU TO THE LIZARD PIT! MY
PET WILL PUNISH
YOU THERE!



A WRITHING, SCALY MANEATER
DRAGON-LIZARD WEAVES
TOWARD HIM....

HER
PET!!





YOU SHALL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL YOU ARE CLAWED AND BITTEN BEYOND RECOGNITION... UNLESS....



UNLESS YOU CHANGE YOUR ATTITUDE AND SWEAR TO OBEY... CHOOSE QUICKLY!



FOR AN ANSWER, SAMAR STOOPS TO PICK UP A ROCK... SILENTLY, HE FACES THE MONSTER.



AS THE HUNGRY JAWS GAPE MENACINGLY BEFORE HIM, HE LIFTS THE STONE...



AND HURLS IT INTO THE FLAMING THROAT.....



LIKE A SWIFT PANTHER, HE LEADS TO THE HOWLING LIZARD'S NECK.



AND WITH ANOTHER ROCK, DASHES OUT THE CREATURE'S LIFE!!



AS THE BEAST ROLLS OVER ON ITS SIDE... DEAD... THE QUEEN SCREAMS IN OUTRAGED FURY.

LIFT HIM OUT OF THERE!



OH, YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR KILLING MY LIZARD... YOU SHALL YET BE SORRY THAT YOU SHOWED SUCH STRENGTH!



TORTURERS! THIS MAN MUST BE MADE AN EXAMPLE TO OUR OTHER SLAVES NOT TO DEFY THE WORD OF LAZANA!



BUT SAMAR SUDDENLY SEIZES THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN, PINIONING HER ARMS BEHIND HER...



ORDER THEM TO DROP THEIR INSTRUMENTS, OR MY GRIP WILL BREAK YOUR ARMS!



HALT, TORTURERS! DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

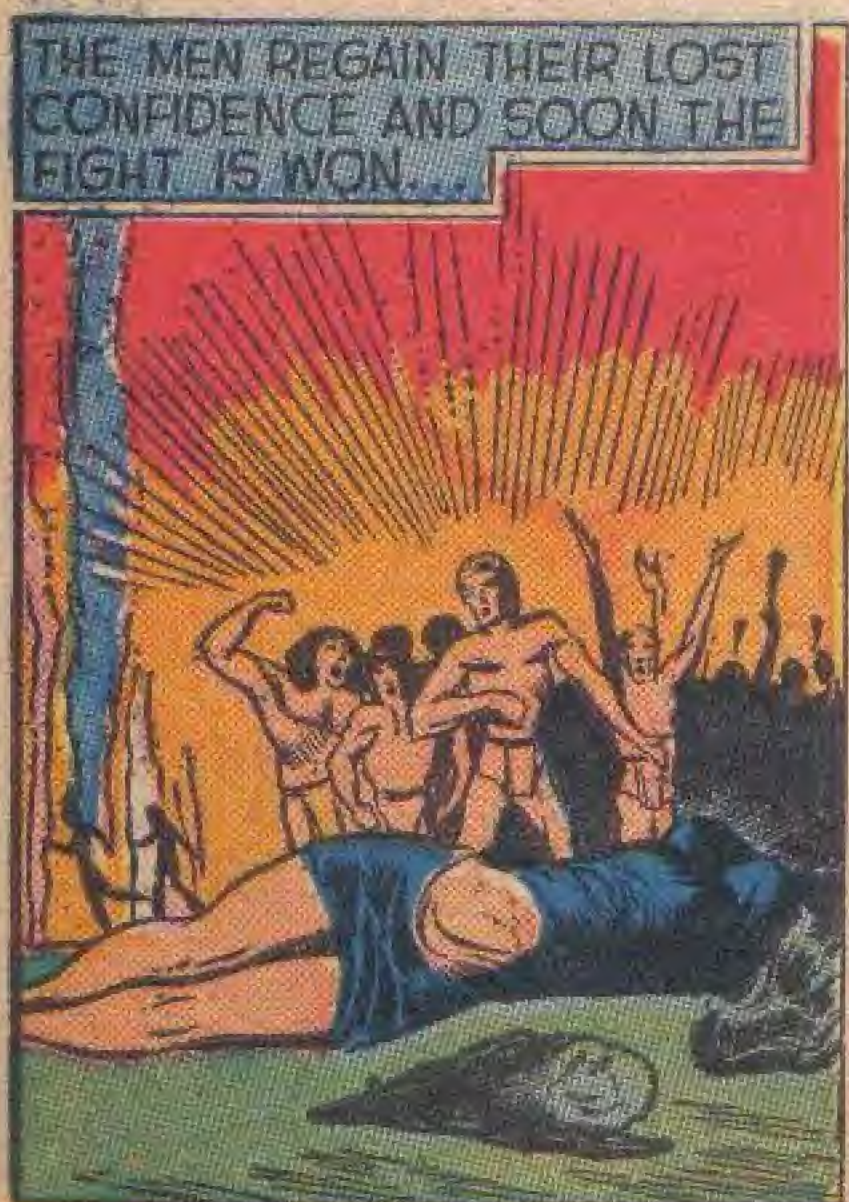


WITH JOYOUS CRIES OF REVENGE, THE CRINGING SLAVES TAKE UP THE CLUBS AND AXES.....

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE FOR FREEDOM, MEN!



SAMAR FLINGS HIMSELF INTO THE BATTLE, AS SHRILL CRIES OF FEMININE FEAR AND ANGER RING THROUGH THE CAVERN...



THE MEN REGAIN THEIR LOST CONFIDENCE AND SOON THE FIGHT IS WON...



WE OWE OUR LIBERTY AND NEW-FOUND SELF RESPECT TO YOU, SAMAR!



THE MEN ONCE MORE ARE THE MASTERS... LAZANA GAZES SADLY AFTER THE BLONDE GIANT WHO DISAPPEARS INTO HIS JUNGLE HOME.

SAMAR... TAKE ME WITH YOU!

PERHAPS SOME DAY I'LL BE BACK... WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON!

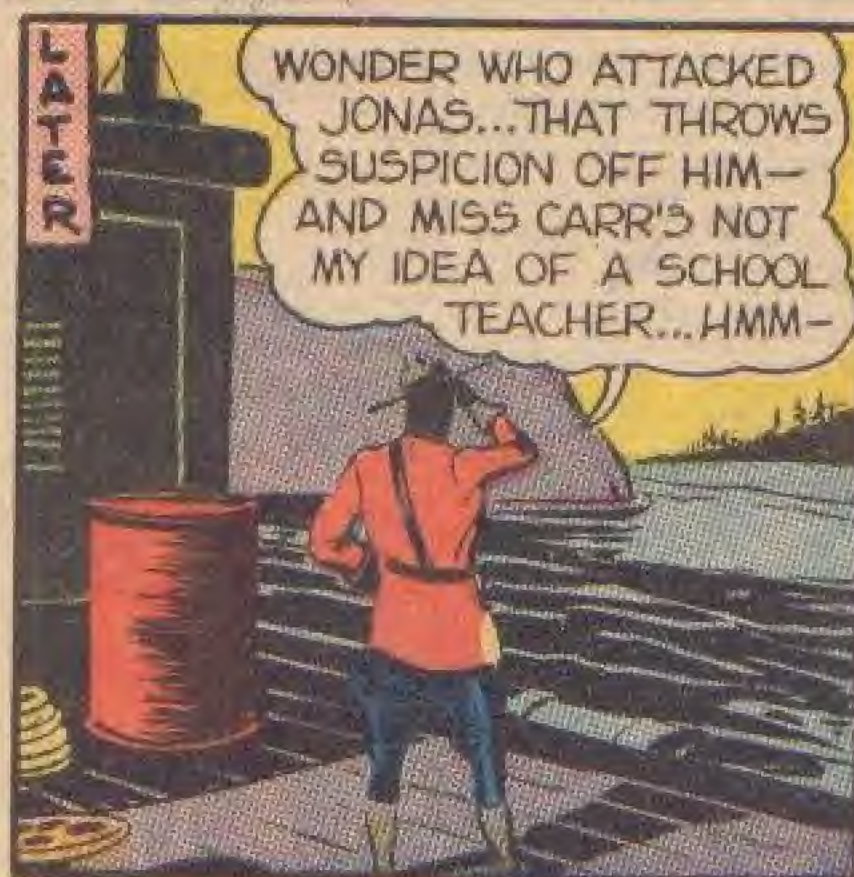
SAMAR RETURNS NEXT MONTH IN A NEW ADVENTURE..... 5

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

ART PINAYIAN

ON THE TRAIL OF A VICIOUS NARCOTICS RING OPERATING IN WESTERN CANADA, SERGEANT REYNOLDS IS CALLED TO THE SHORE OF HIDDEN RIVER...TO INVESTIGATE THE WRECKAGE OF A DORY...



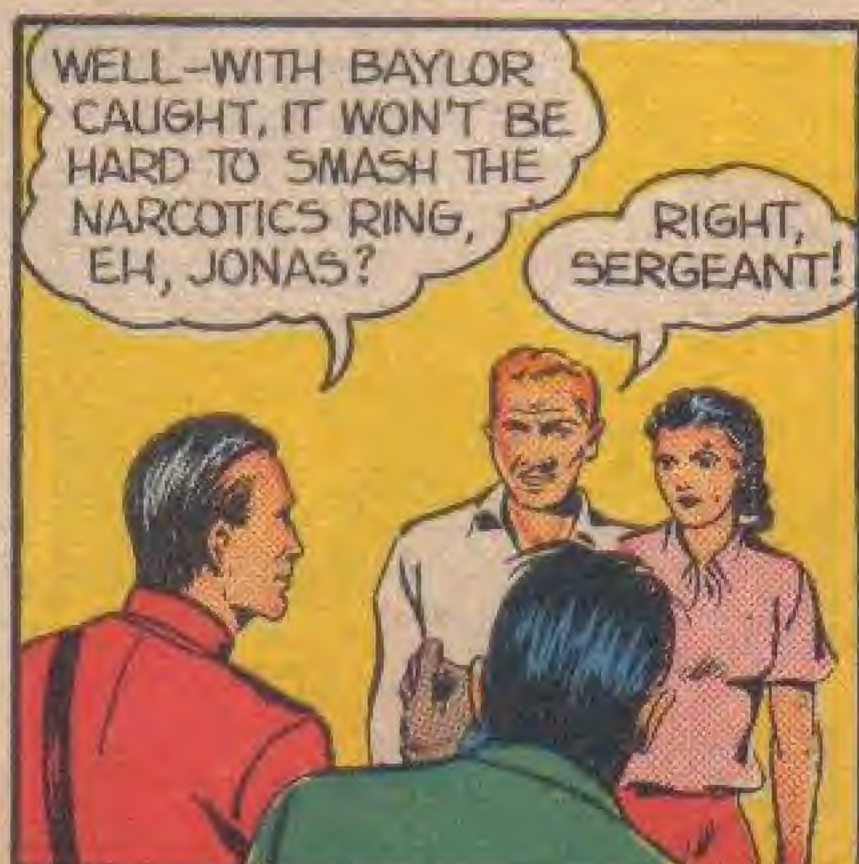






MEANWHILE REYNOLDS AND JONAS APPROACH THE HIDEOUT....





SPIN SHAW

By Rex Smith



OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

A NEW AIRMAIL ROUTE IS BEING OPERATED IN SOUTH AMERICA BY A UNITED STATES CONCERN. CERTAIN FOREIGN COUNTRIES DON'T RELISH THE IDEA!



IF THE COMPANY SUCCEEDS IN DELIVERING THE MAIL ON SCHEDULE FOR THE NEXT MONTH, THE CONTRACT IS THEIRS, AND THE BONDS BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE STRONGER THAN EVER! WE FEAR SABOTAGE, AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN...



RIGHT! I ASSUME THAT MY TRUE IDENTITY IS TO REMAIN A SECRET. I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!



QUICKLY LEAVING THE STATES SPIN SAILS TO SOUTH AMERICA AND BY OX-CART PENETRATES TO THE COMPARATIVELY WILD AND HARSH INTERIOR...



HI THERE! YOU THE NEW PILOT? COME ON IN WHERE IT'S DRY!



HOWDY! I'M SPIN COLE... DAMP WEATHER YOU HAVE HERE. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT! I'M GREG RUCKER. THIS ISN'T MUCH OF A FIELD, BUT WE GET UP O.K.!



I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU FOR AWHILE, BUT PETE HERE WILL SHOW YOU AROUND.. PETE, THIS IS THE NEW PILOT!



HI, AVIATOR. MAKE YOURSELF T'HOME!

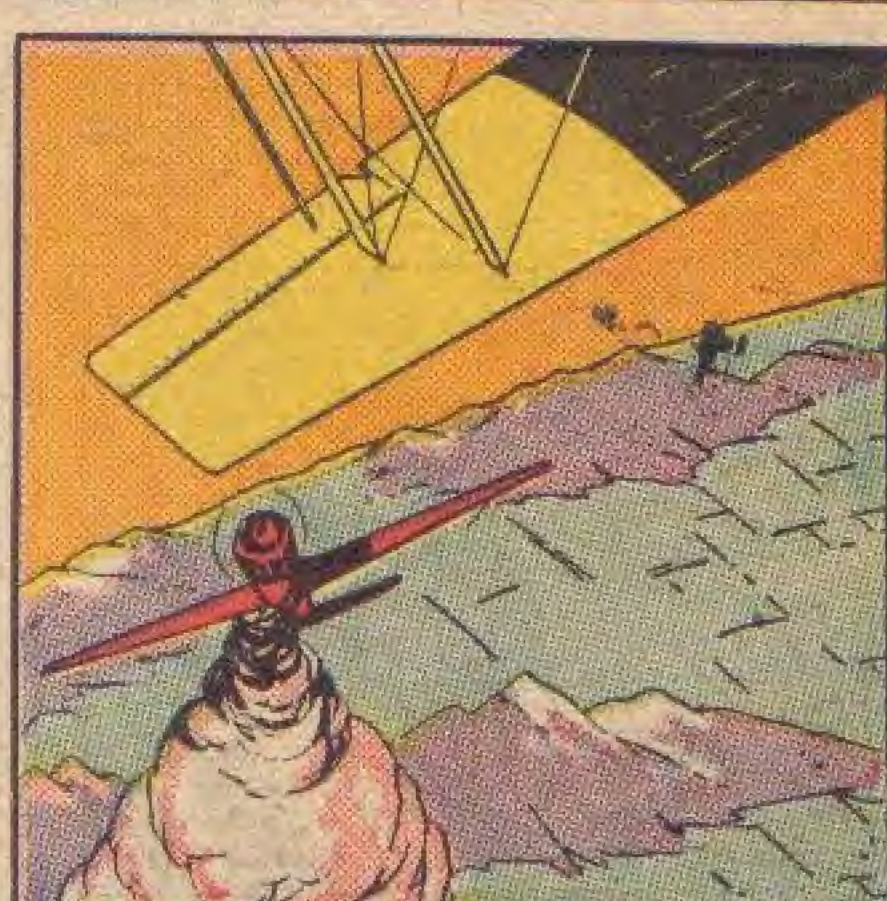
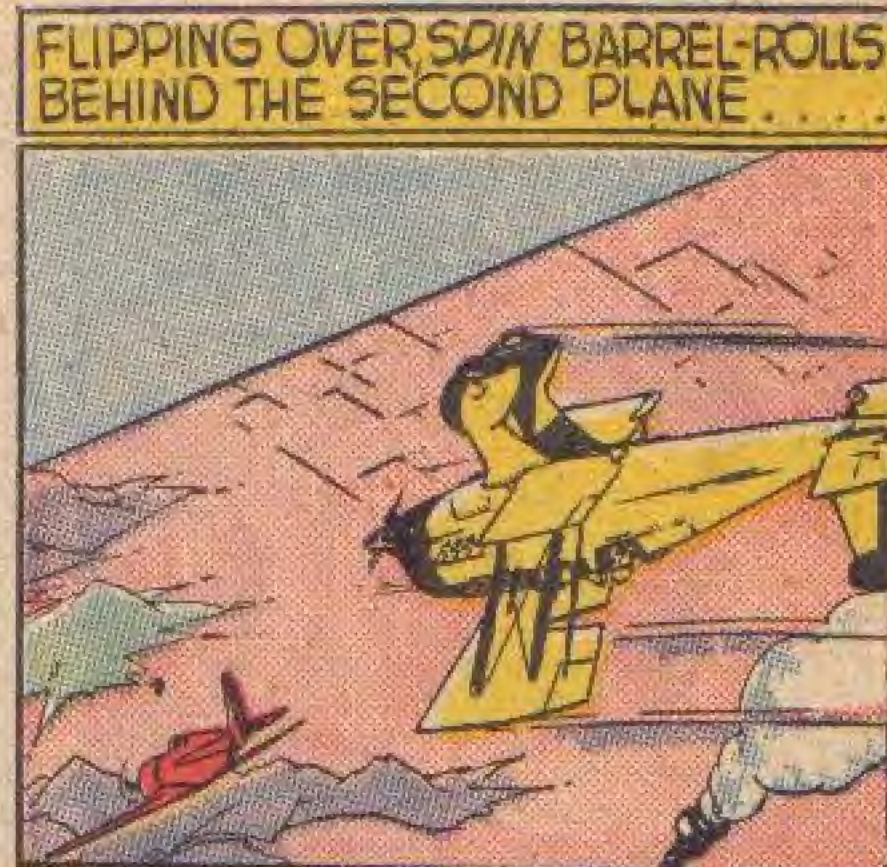
SAAAY! YOU AIN'T BAD LOOKIN', STRANGER! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE WATCHIN' OVER YOU... MY POP RAN THIS PLACE, BUT SINCE HE'S GONE, I'VE TAKEN OVER. COME ON IN!



THE BOYS ARE ALL OUT NOW, BUT THIS IS HOME SWEET HOME! YOU CAN CHANGE UP-STAIRS.







QUICKLY THE DAYS SLIP BY. EACH FLIGHT LEAVES AND ARRIVES ON SCHEDULE... THEN ONE DAY AS HE LANDS, THE FIELD'S POLICE MEET SPIN.....



HI, JOSE! HI, JUAN! WHAT'S COOKIN'?

SENOR, I AM SORREE, BUT YOU MUST COME WEETH US!



A VEREE SERIOUS CHARGE HAS BEEN FILED AGAINST YOU, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU TO THE JAIL!



SPIN! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

SENOR SPEEN IS UNDER ARREST! HE CANNOT TALK TO YOU. GO ON DRIVER! ADIOS!



WELL, SO YOU GOT RID OF HIM AFTER ALL, EH GREG?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? SAAAY... HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW, PETE?



I KNOW ENOUGH TO SENSE WHICH SIDE OF MY BREAD THE BUTTER IS ON!

YEAH? SO WHAT?



YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN SWEET ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME, GREG. HOWS ABOUT BEIN' A LITTLE NICE TO ME?

YOU AREN'T A BAD LITTLE NUMBER AT THAT!



MEANWHILE, SPIN IS BROUGHT BEFORE COLONEL CARLOS LAUREZ.



SPEEN, MY FRAN, IT IS HARD FOR ME TO DO THEES, BUT I MUST PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST FOR ESPIONAGE AND ATTEMPTING TO SABOTAGE THE MAIL!

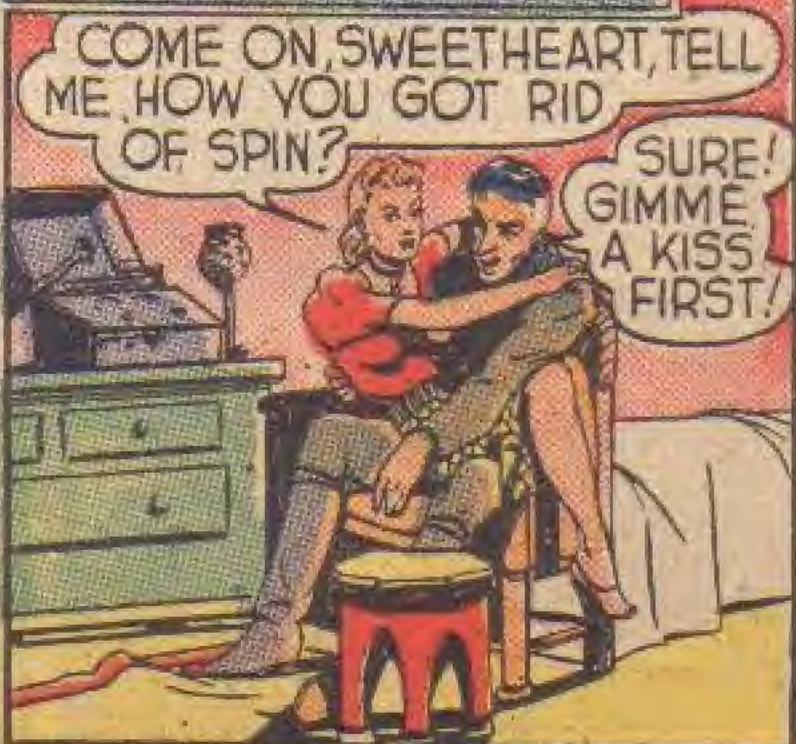


ESPIONAGE? SABOTAGE? YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE!

WHAT CAN I DO? RUCKER HAS MADE A FORMAL CHARGE!



BACK AT THE AIR FIELD PETE SPEAKS TO GREG RUCKER.



AS PETE KISSES THE FOUL GREG SHE SNAPS ON THE RECORDING SET





...THEN I SLIPPED THE PAPERS INTO HIS DESK...
HA/HA!...AND WHEN THE BOYS WERE LOOKIN', I "ACCIDENTLY" FOUND 'EM! I FRAMED HIM GOOD!



THE LAZY FOOL'S ASLEEP! NOW TO GET THE RECORD OVER TO HEADQUARTERS AND SET SPIN FREE!



GATHERING UP THE COMPACT RECORDING SET, PETE HURRIES OUT, UNAWARE THAT ONE OF THE PILOTS WATCHES FROM BEHIND A CURTAIN!



AH! SHE IS GONE...WE ARE ALONE AT LAST! I'VE SEARCHED FOR YOU TWENTY YEARS, RUCKER... AND NOW I HAVE YOU!



AT HEADQUARTERS PETE PLAYS THE RECORD FOR COL. LAUREZ.

I WAS THE ONE THAT HAD SPIN ATTACKED THE FIRST DAY AND THEN I SLIPPED THE PAP--

EET EES ENOUGH! COME, WE ARREST RUCKER!



CAN'T YOU GO FASTER, JUAN?

SENOR, I AM GOING AS FAST AS I DARE! SHE IS OLD, THEES AUTO!



FINALLY ARRIVING AT THE FIELD, THE GROUP BURSTS INTO THE HUT.

THERE HE IS!...FUNNY, HE WAS SNORING AWFULLY LOUD WHEN I LEFT!



HE EES QUIET NOW, SENORITA, BECAUSE 'HE EES DEAD!

DEAD!



SI! DEAD! YOU WERE THE LAST ONE WEETH HEEM AND NO ONE ELSE IS HERE! SENORITA, IT LOOKS BAD FOR YOU!



WAIT A MINUTE, CARLOS! LISTEN TO THIS LETTER I FOUND ON THE TABLE... "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I KILLED THE RAT RUCKER. HE CAUSED MY BROTHER'S DEATH. NOW HE HAS PAID IN FULL!" (SIGNED) HEINRICH MUELLER.



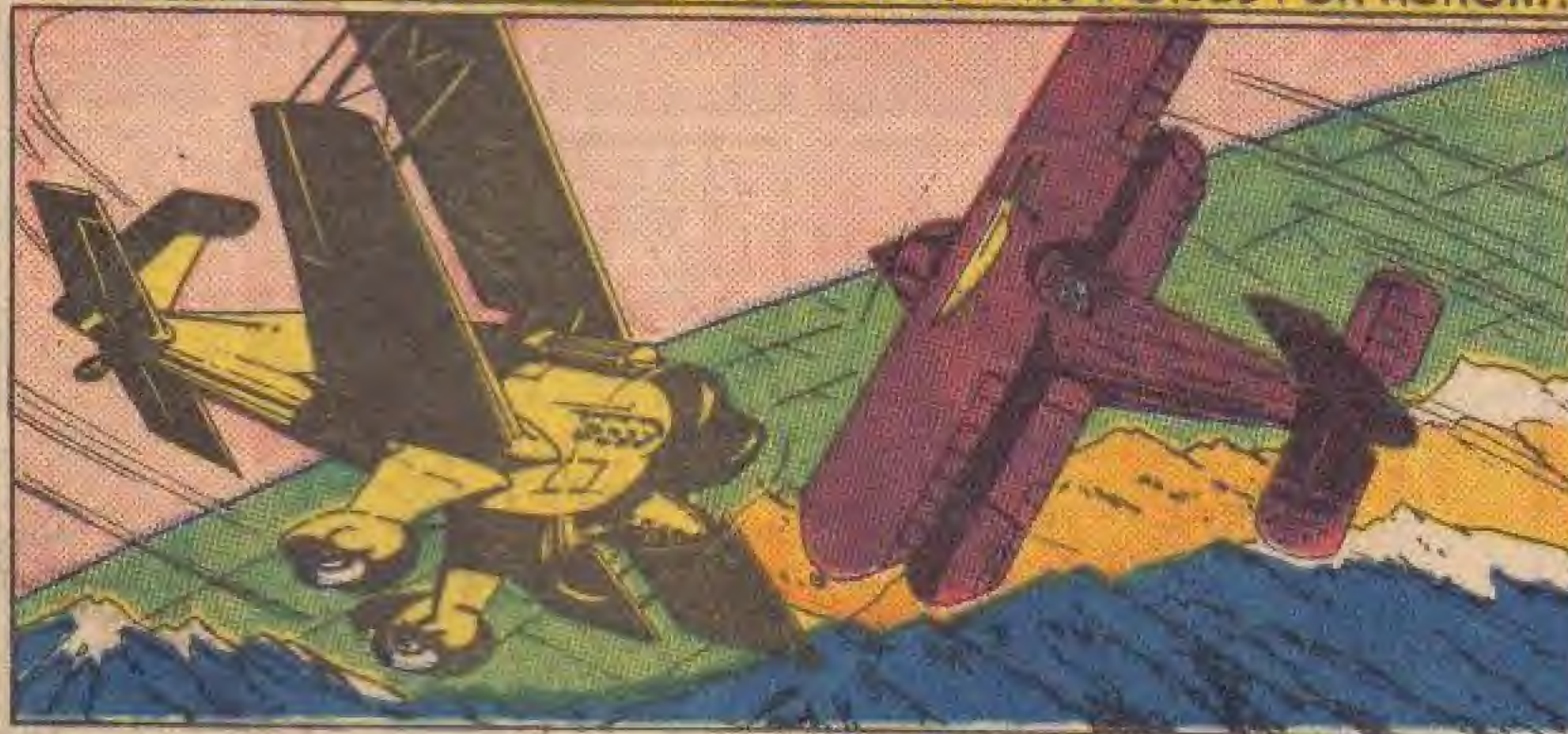
THAT EES HEINIE'S FULL NAME! -LOOK!! THERE HE GOES! QUEEK! AFTER HEEM!



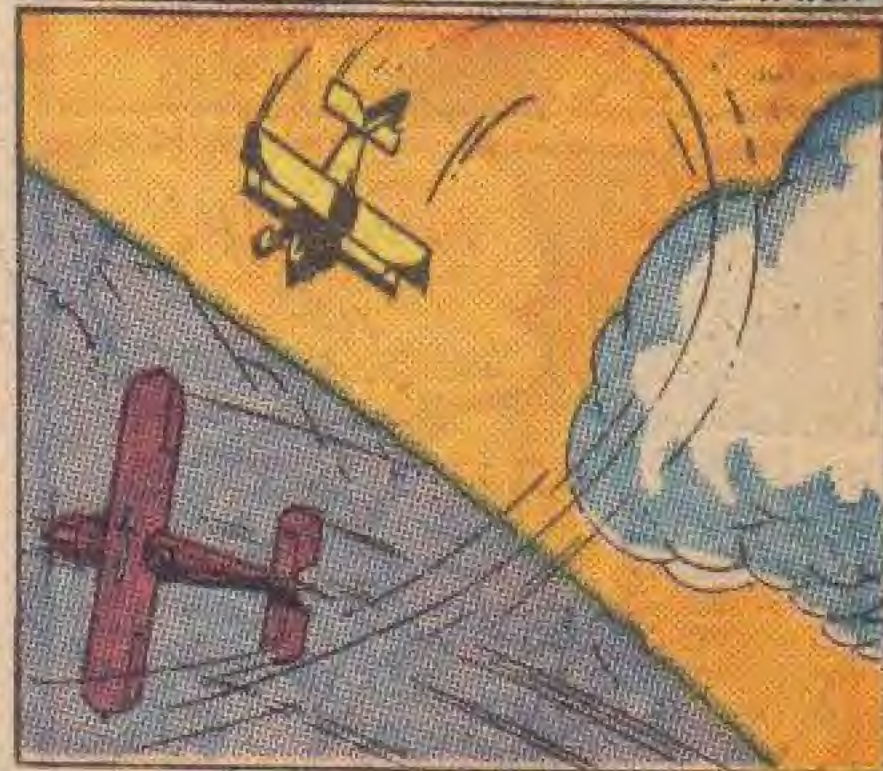
IN A FLASH SPIN LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE COCKPIT OF HIS PLANE. BE CAREFUL, SPIN! HE WAS AN ACE IN THE LAST WAR!



WIRES SCREAMING, ENGINES ROARING, THE TWO PLANES LOCK IN A TIGHT CIRCLE... AROUND AND AROUND, GUNS POISED FOR ACTION..



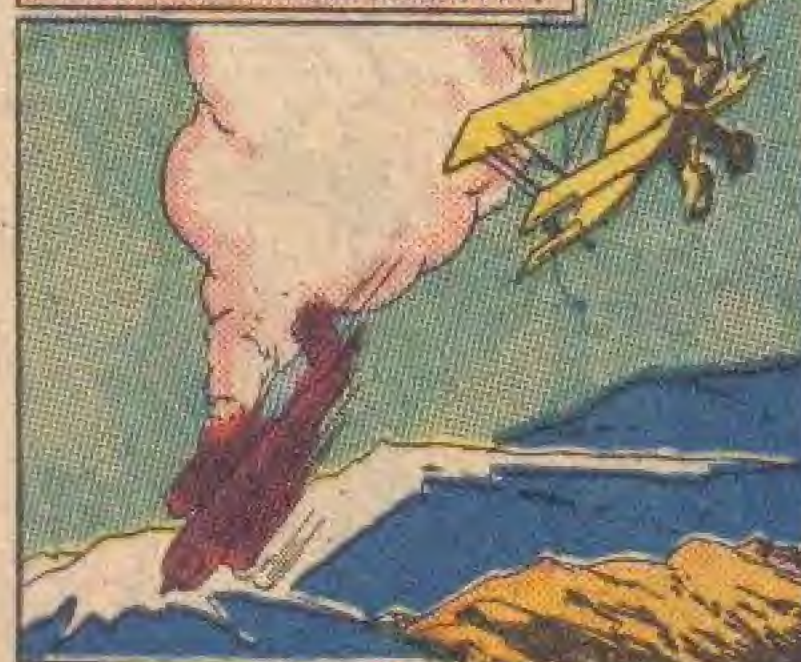
SPIN SUDDENLY EXECUTES AN IMMEL-MAN TWIST AND GETS ON HIS TAIL!



EYES NARROWED, STEEL NERVES TAUT, SPIN'S THUMBS CLOSE ON THE TRIGGERS... HE PRESSES!



THE STRUTS SCREAM A SONG OF DEATH AS MUELLER DIVES TOWARD THE EARTH!



WELL, THE CONTRACT IS AS GOOD AS SIGNED, BUT IT WASN'T WORTH IT! NOTHING IS WORTH THE LIVES OF FOUR PEOPLE!



THREE WEEKS LATER...

WITH THE CONTRACTS SIGNED, THE CASE IS COMPLETE, BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND SEVERAL THINGS! WHO WAS GREG, AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE, PETE?



IF HE HAD SUCCEEDED, A EUROPEAN POWER WOULD HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE CONTRACT, AND WOULD HAVE GOTTEN A FOOTHOLD IN SOUTH AMERICA TO SPREAD ITS UNDEMOCRATIC PROPAGANDA! AS FOR ME, I'M ANNE ANTOS, A SECRET SERVICE AGENT OF THIS COUNTRY. BUT TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU??



I AM CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY... MY BOAT IS WAITING, I MUST GO... GOODBYE... ADIOS, CAPTAIN! AND THANK YOU. PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.



LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

WANTED



NO—I'LL NOT GIVE YOU A SINGLE PENNY—BORROWING MONEY IS THE THING YOU DO BEST!

Y'MEAN TRYIN' T'BORROW MONEY!

BAH! WHAT GOOD IS BEIN' HONEST WHEN Y'GOT NO MORE NICKELS THAN A BALD EAGLE HAS DANDRUFF!

I GOT A GOOD IDEA T'BE AN **OUTLAW**—BURGLARS DON'T GO AROUND BUSTED!

I COULD BECOME A BIG-TIME HOLD-UP MAN, OR MAYBE...

...I SHOULD BE SOMETHING MORE ROMANTIC, LIKE A...

...TRAIN ROBBER... THERE'S MONEY IN THAT...

...OF COURSE, LATER ON I MIGHT EXPAND

U.S. MINT

YEP—I'LL EMBARK ON A CAREER OF GRADE "A" CRIME—"VICIOUS VINCENT, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1". THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE KNOWN AS--HUH...THERE'S THE BELL!

RING

AH! GOOD MORNING, SIR!

GOOD MOR--HUH! OH GOOD GOSH!

CRASH

RED RASCAL LAUNDRY CO.

CRAZY AS A COOT!

LISTEN, BOSS—THIS SALES PROMOTION IDEA OF YOURS IS NOT SO HOT!

RED RASCAL LAUNDRY CO.

...BUT WHO D'YA WANT PROTECTION FROM?

Y'WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU, SO JUST LOCK ME UP!

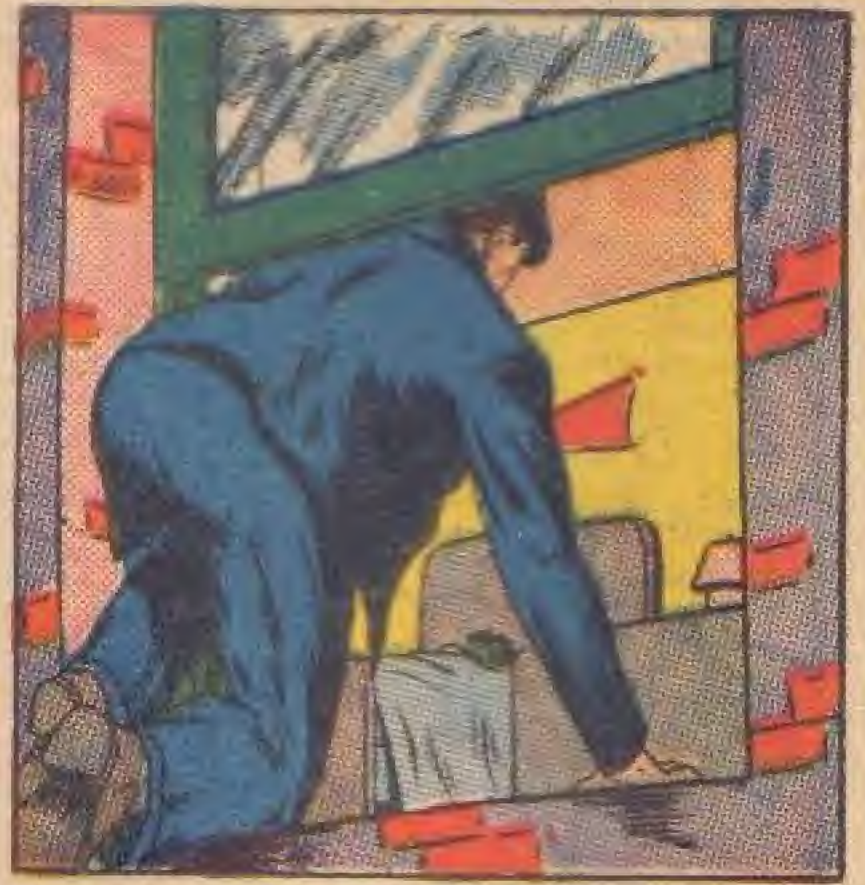
MORE OF LALA PALOOZA AND VINCENT IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS.

RUSTY RYAN

by Paul Gustafson

OF BOYVILLE

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT...
A FIGURE CREEPS INTO RUSTY AND SMILEY'S ROOM AT BOYVILLE



UGGG--HELP--
RUSTY!



H-HEY!! WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN' TO
SMILEY--WHO ARE
YOU?



SHUT UP, BRAT--
OR IT'LL BE TH'
END FER YER
BROTHER HERE!



MY BROTHER??
B-BUT.. SMILEY
ISN'T MY
BROTHER!



HE AIN'T YOUR BROTHER??
AW RATS!! DON'T
TELL ME I'M
IN TH'WRONG
JOINT!!



AND THE INTRUDER NOW
MAKES A HASTY EXIT....



G-GOSH, RUSTY--
WONDER WHO
HE REALLY
WAS AFTER!

C'MON!
WE'LL GO
OVER AND
TELL SHERIFF
DOLAN ABOUT
THIS!



IT'S LATE... BUT MR.
DOLAN IS STILL IN HIS
OFFICE! SEE THE
LIGHT?



LOOK, SMILEY! THAT MAN
SITTING WITH THE SHERIFF--
WHY HE'S THE ONE WHO WAS
IN OUR ROOM!



WHAT WAS THAT YOU JUST SAID, RUSTY?

SHERIFF!! THIS MAN TRIED TO KIDNAP SMILEY ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO!



HAW-HAW! THAT'S RICH!! WHY I'VE BEEN HERE TALKING WITH THE SHERIFF FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS!



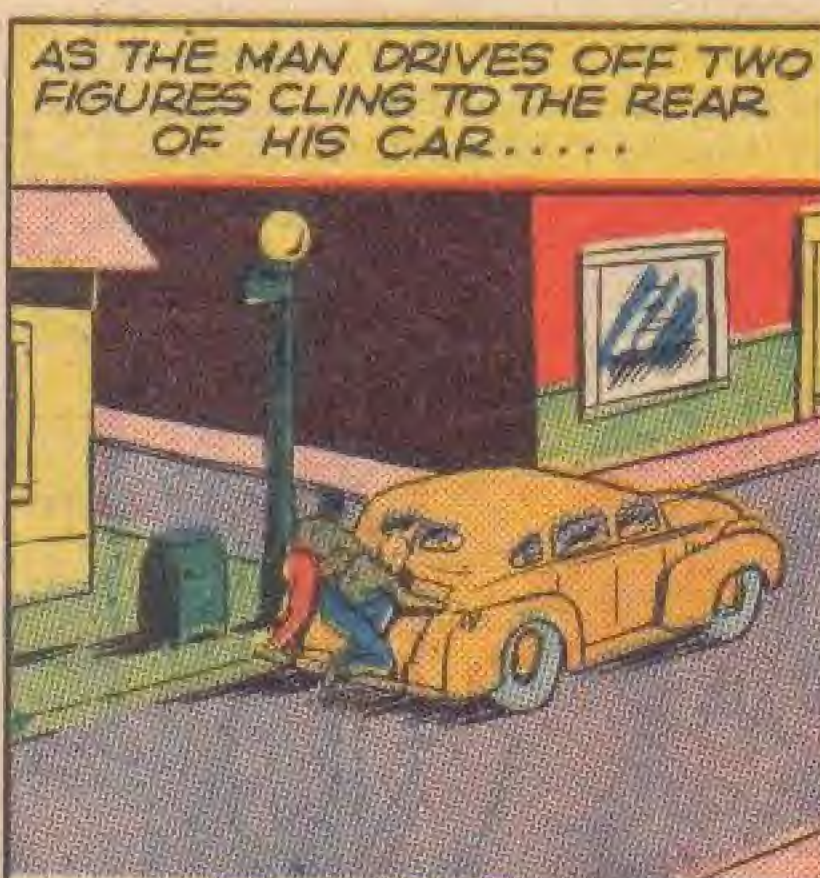
YES-YOU LADS MUST BE HAVING NIGHTMARES FROM EATING GREEN APPLES! NOW THEN, RUN ALONG BACK TO BED!

B-BUT, SHERIFF...



THAT'S THE HOTTEST I'VE HEARD ON MYSELF IN A LONG TIME, SHERIFF---HA--HA!! WELL, GUESS I'LL GO GET SOME SLEEP TOO!

THANKS FOR YOUR COMPANY!



AS THE MAN DRIVES OFF TWO FIGURES CLING TO THE REAR OF HIS CAR.....



AW-LET'S GO! NOPE! WE'RE HOME AND GETTING TO THE FORGET THIS BOTTOM OF ALL THIS! IDEA, RUSTY!



LATER... AS THE CAR STOPS BEFORE AN OLD SHACK...



HE'S GOING INSIDE....



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS... NO ONE HAS LIVED HERE FOR A LONG TIME!



THE BOYS MOUNT THE LOW, DILAPIDATED ROOF....

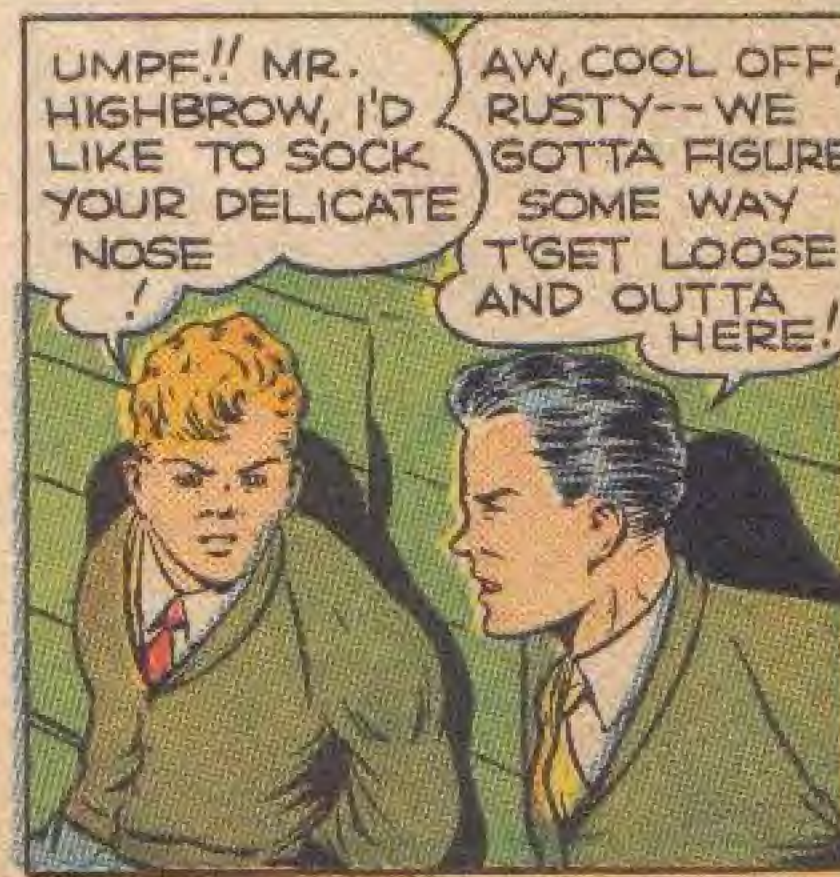
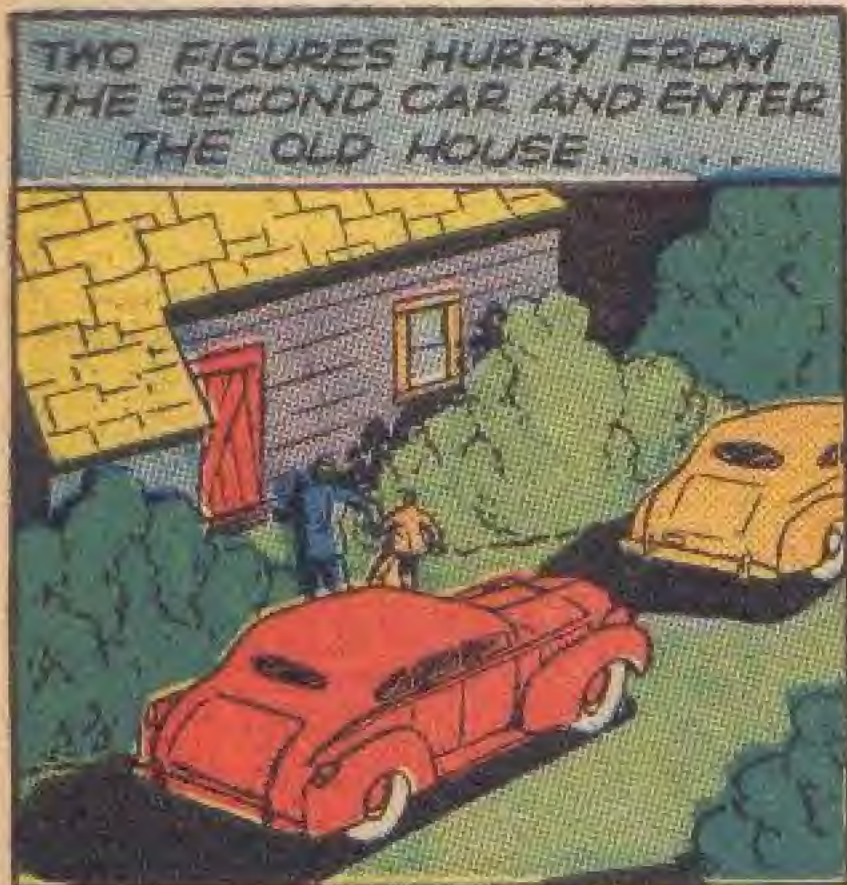
QUIET NOW....

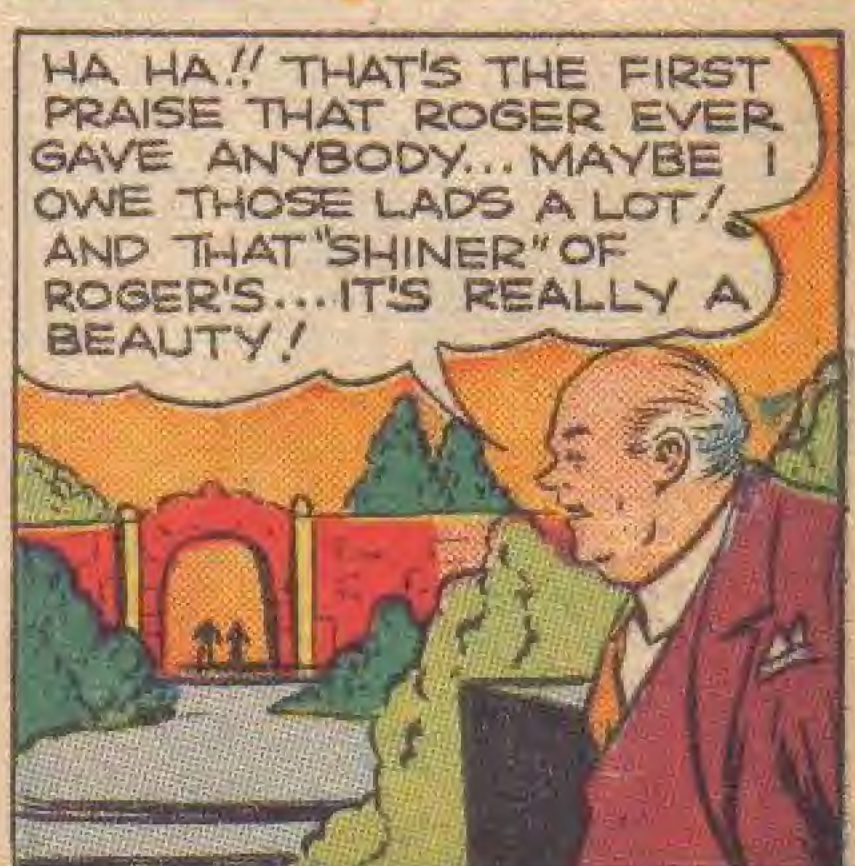
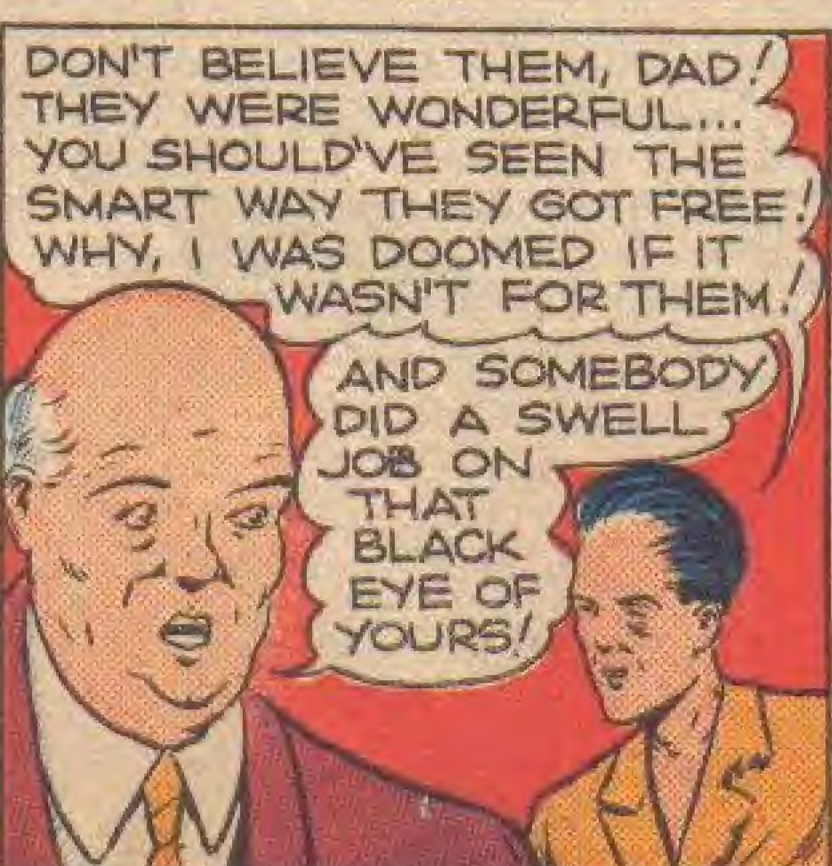
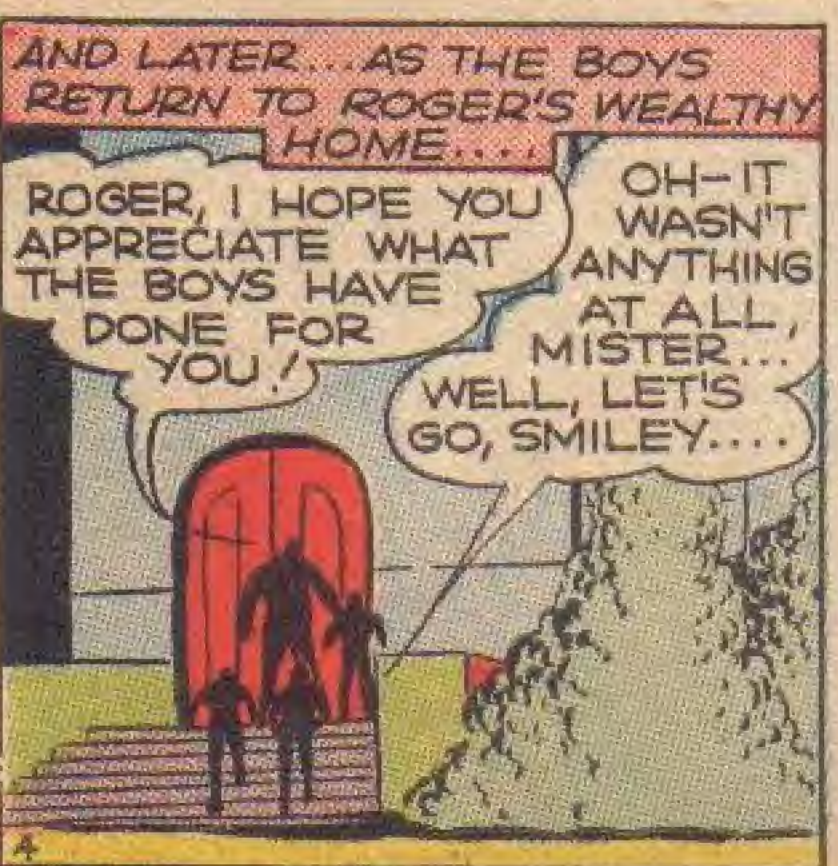
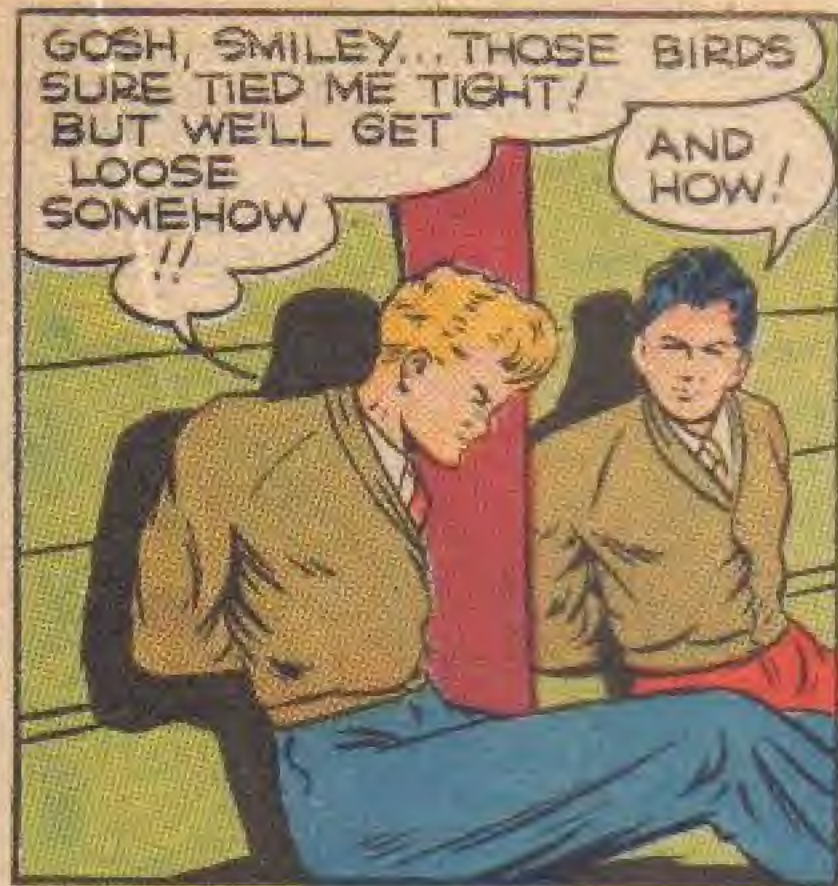


HE PACES AROUND AS THOUGH HE'S PRETTY NERVOUS...



LOOK, SMILEY! HERE COMES ANOTHER CAR!





DUSTY DANE

by VERNON HENKEL

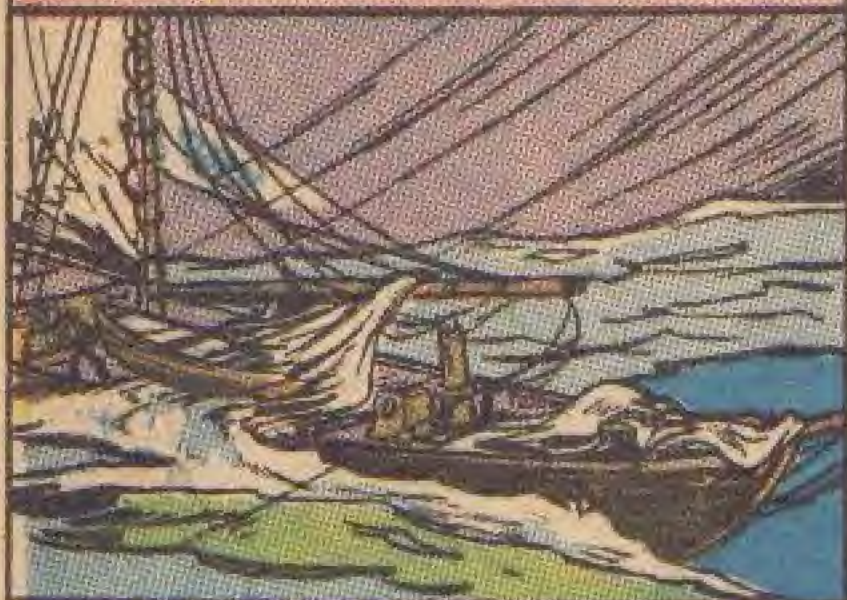


TYPHOON!

THE STORM SWEEP SOUTH PACIFIC LASHES ALL SHIPPING WITHIN A HUNDRED MILE RADIUS!!



AND IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE STORM RIDES THE BATTERED SCHOONER "SEA WITCH", CAPTAINED BY DUSTY DANE..



BREAK OUT THE LIFE RAFT, MIKE! WE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!



BIG MIKE CARDIGAN OBEYS DUSTY DANE'S ORDER... AND MOMENTS LATER THE ANGRY SEA SWALLOWS THE SHIP!



THE NEXT MORNING TWO DERELICTS ARE WASHED ASHORE BY THE SWIFT RUNNING SEA..



SUDDENLY THE SHADOW OF A HUGE FIGURE FALLS ACROSS THE SHIPWRECKED MEN!

ON YOUR FEET, SCUM.. YOU'LL GET WATER!



YES! AND YOU SHALL WORK FOR EVERY DROP OF IT.. I NEED MEN TO REPAIR MY SHIP, THE "MALTA"!



WHY YOU BIG SEA APE-YOU CAN'T..

HOLD IT, MIKE!



INSOLENT DOGS! I'LL TEACH YOU TO INSULT CAPTAIN FROSK!

HEY!



AT A SIGNAL FROM FROSK A HARD LOOKING GROUP STEPS INTO VIEW..

LOCK THEM UP!



LATER..FROM A BARRED WINDOW
OVERLOOKING THE ISLAND
HARBOR..

THE WAR IN EUROPE
KNOWS NO BOUNDS! LOOK,
MIKE,,A FOREIGN MERCHANT
RAIDER.

YEAH! AND
WERE TWO
OF THEIR
PRISONERS!

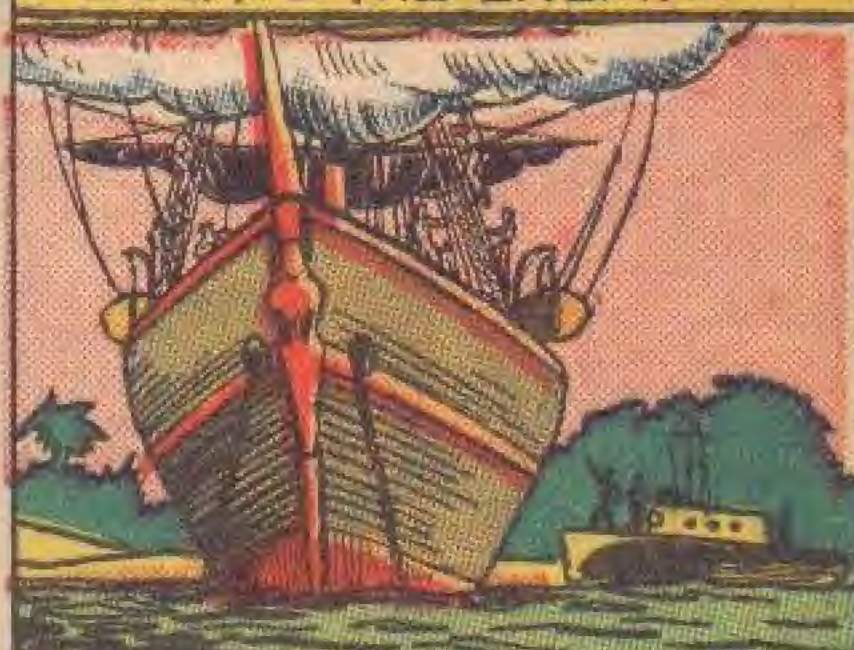


THE ISLAND'S WIRELESS
OPERATOR RECEIVES AN
EXCITED CALL..

..ENEMY CRUISERS
HEADING FOR ISLAND..
..CHANGE BASE OF
MALTA...



EXCITEMENT PREVAILS AS
THE RAIDER PREPARES TO
MOVE OUT, IN AN EFFORT TO
ESCAPE THE ENEMY..



COME ON,
MIKE! HERE'S
OUR CHANCE!

WE'LL BASH
THE DOOR
DOWN!



NO SOONER
SAID
THAN
DONE!



L-LOOK, DUSTY! IT'S OUR
PAL WE BUMPED INTO ON
THE BEACH.. CAPTAIN
FROSK!

YEAH!



HUH?
WHAT'S
THE
MEANING..

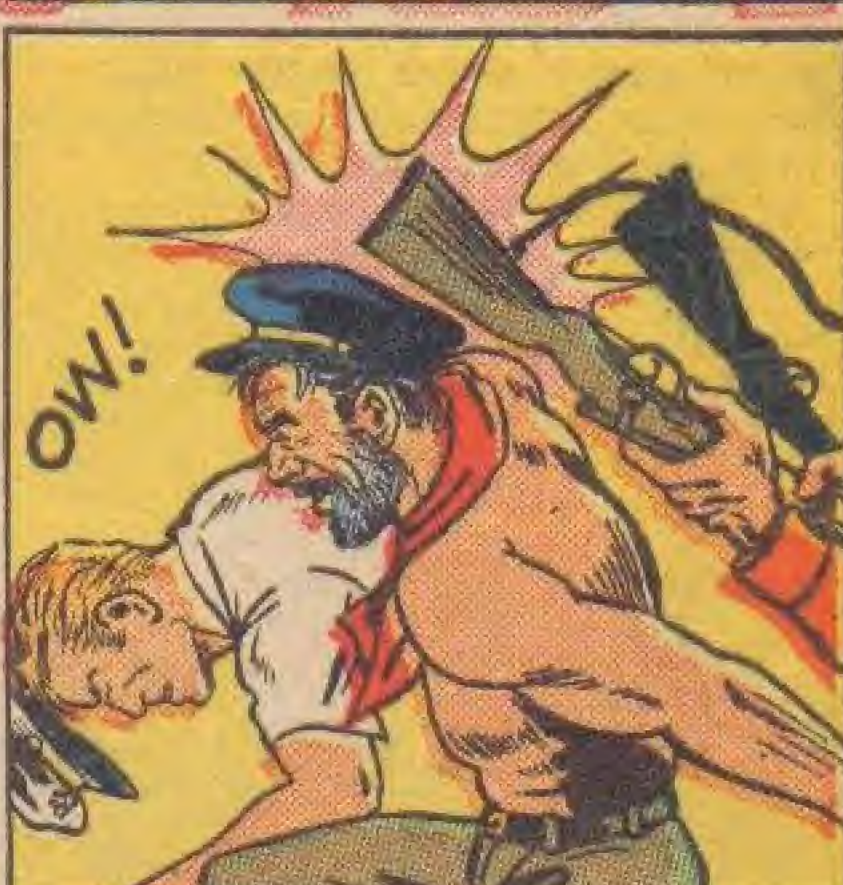
SIT DOWN!
AND
SHUT
UP!

I'LL
TAKE
THAT
LOG
BOOK!



BEFORE YOU GO ANY
FURTHER, IT'S ONLY FAIR
TO WARN YOU THAT YOU
ARE COVERED FROM
THE REAR!

YOU WON'T
MAKE US TURN
AROUND WITH
THAT OLD
TRICK, FROSK!



LATER..

ENGINES, DUSTY!
WERE MOVING
OUT TO
SEA!

OWW,,MY
HEAD!



MEANWHILE, THE ENEMY
CRUISERS REACH THE ISLAND.

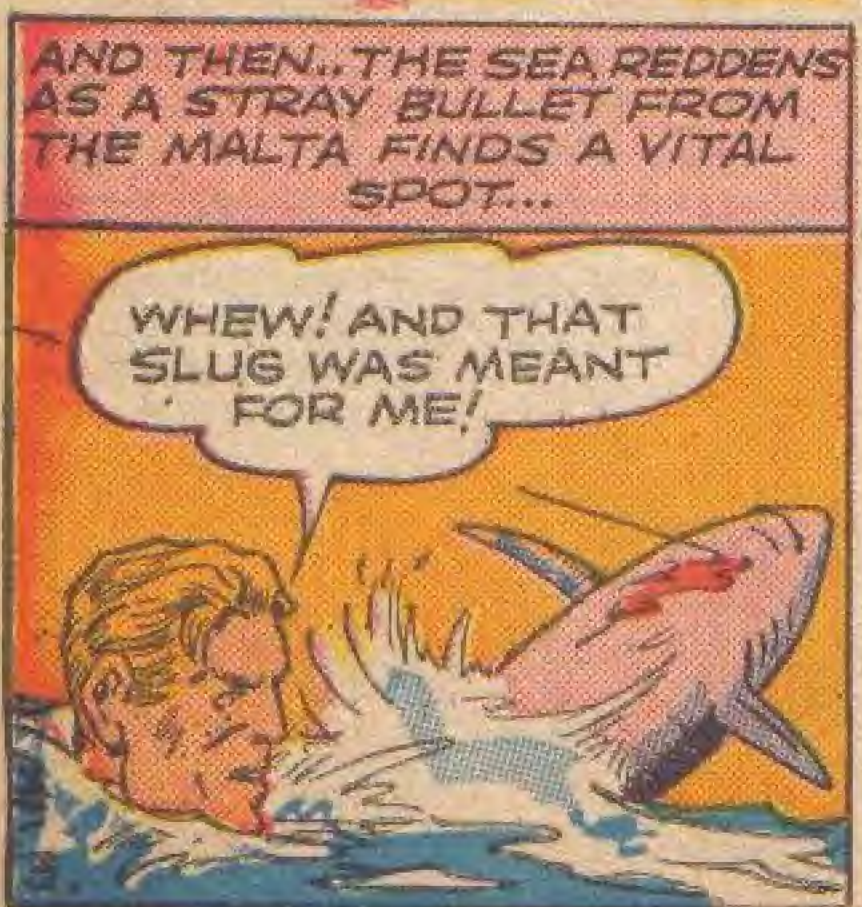
THE MALTA HAS ESCAPED
US! BUT WE'LL COVER
THESE ISLANDS
THOROUGHLY!

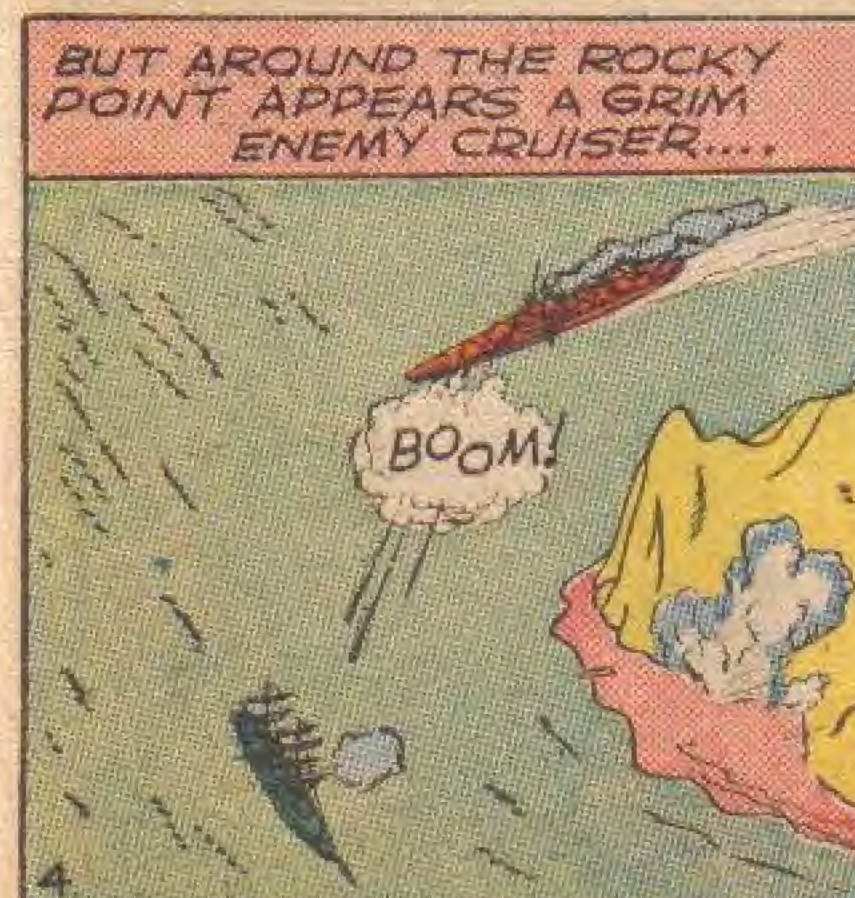


AND ON THE MALTA, FROSK
DECIDES ON A CLEVER
STRATEGEM...

WE WON'T BE CAUGHT..
HEAD FOR TUALA ISLAND!
I THINK WE CAN FOOL
THESE LUBBERS!







POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE by GILL FOX

THE PARENTS AND TEACHERS OF THE TOWN IN WHICH POISON LIVES HAVE PUT A BAN ON THE SALE AND USE OF CHEWING GUM.

THIS BAN ON CHEWING GUM IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL--- UNCONSTEELWELL, ANYWAY IT AIN'T RIGHT!

PUBLIC SCHOOL 113

AN' WE'RE GONNA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

SOAP

NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN... I'M GONNA START A GUM-RUNNIN' RACKET-- I'LL SMUGGLE THE GUM IN FROM THE NEXT TOWN!

PSST, HERE'S YOUR GUM! THAT'LL BE ONE BUCK, PLEASE..

WORKING ON THE SLY, POISON SOON HAS A PROFITABLE BUSINESS

AND ONCE AGAIN KIDS' JAWS AROUND TOWN WORK MERRILY...



BOY! LOOK IT THIS.. WE'RE MAKIN' MONEY FASTER THAN WE KIN BANK IT!

HOT GUM!

HEY, BOSS! DEM KIDS ARE MAKIN' MONEY FAST WITH DAT GUM-RUNNIN' RACKET! COULDN'T WE HI-JACK THEIR LOAD T'NIGHT?

DAT'S A GOOD IDEAR!

HERE HE COMES NOW!

THAT NIGHT..

GET OFF DAT WAGON, YA BRAT! WE'RE TAKIN' OVER DAT LOAD OF CHEWY!

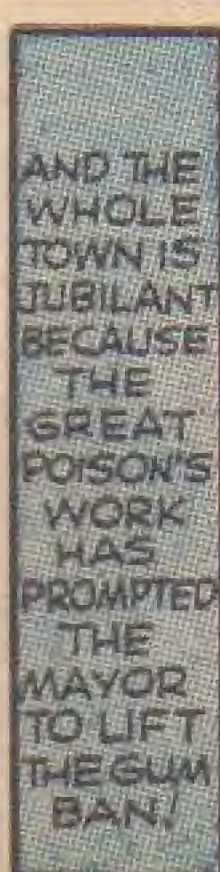
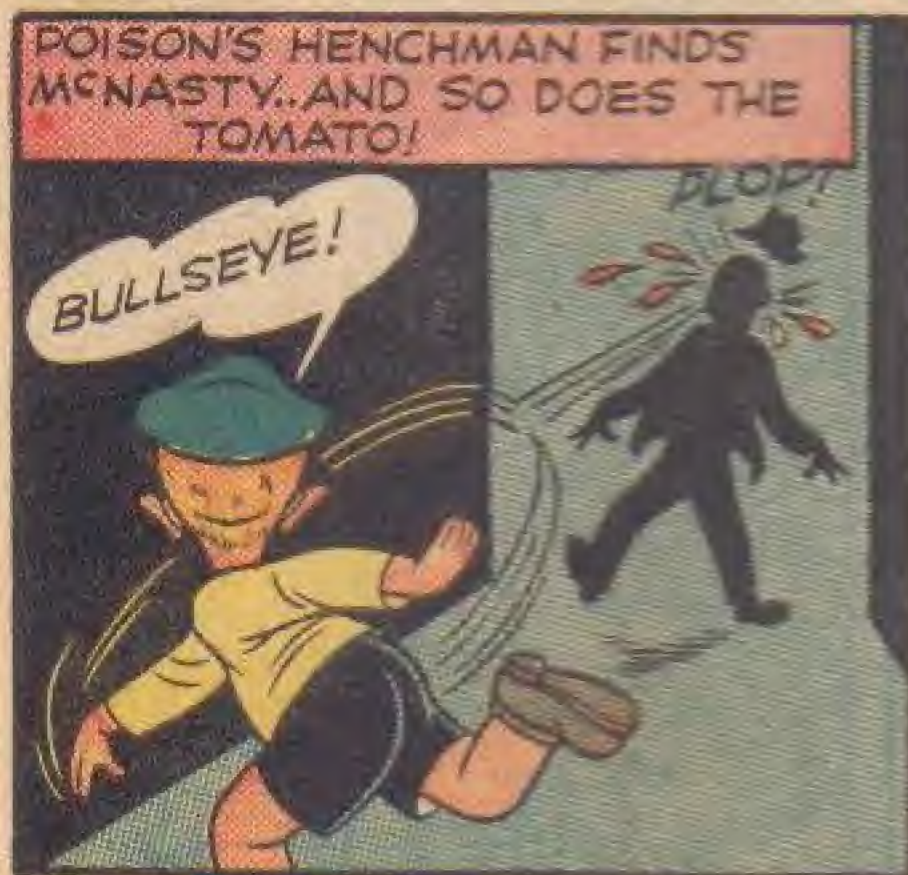
HI-JACKERS!

I KNOW YOU.. YOU'RE MCNASTY, THE GANGSTER! I'LL FIX YA FOR THIS!

SHUT UP, KID! IZZY! UNLOAD THAT WAGON !!

OKE!

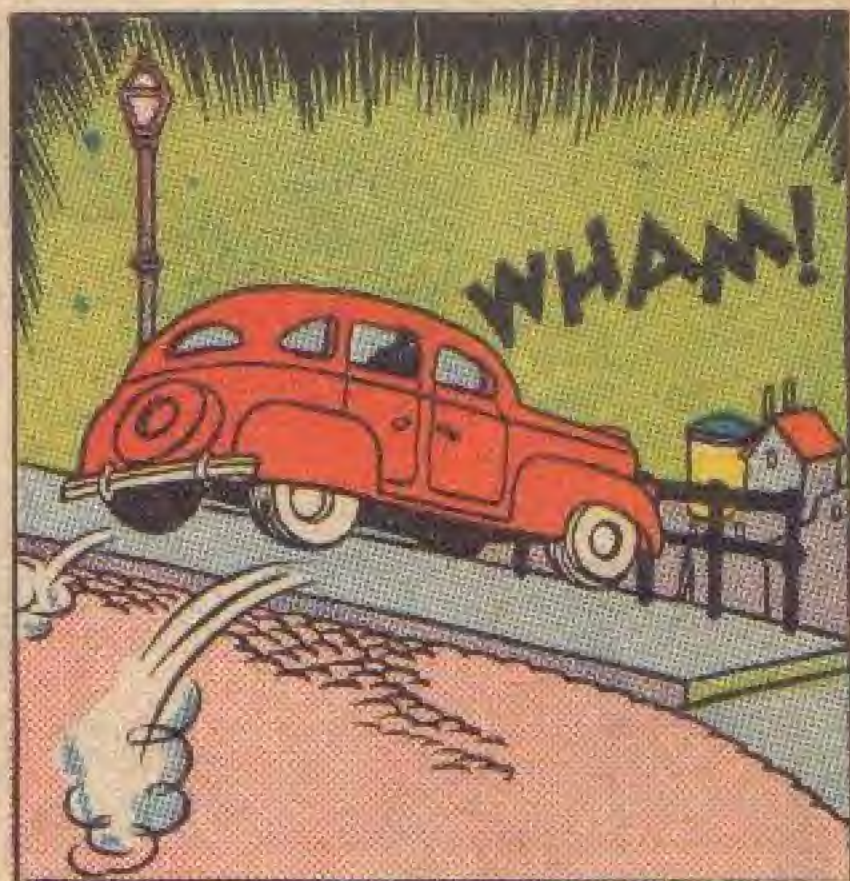
I'M NOT SO DUMB! I'LL LET THEM TAKE OVER THE GUM RACKET.. AND AFTER THEY BUILD IT UP, I'LL JUST SNATCH THE BUSINESS BACK AGAIN!

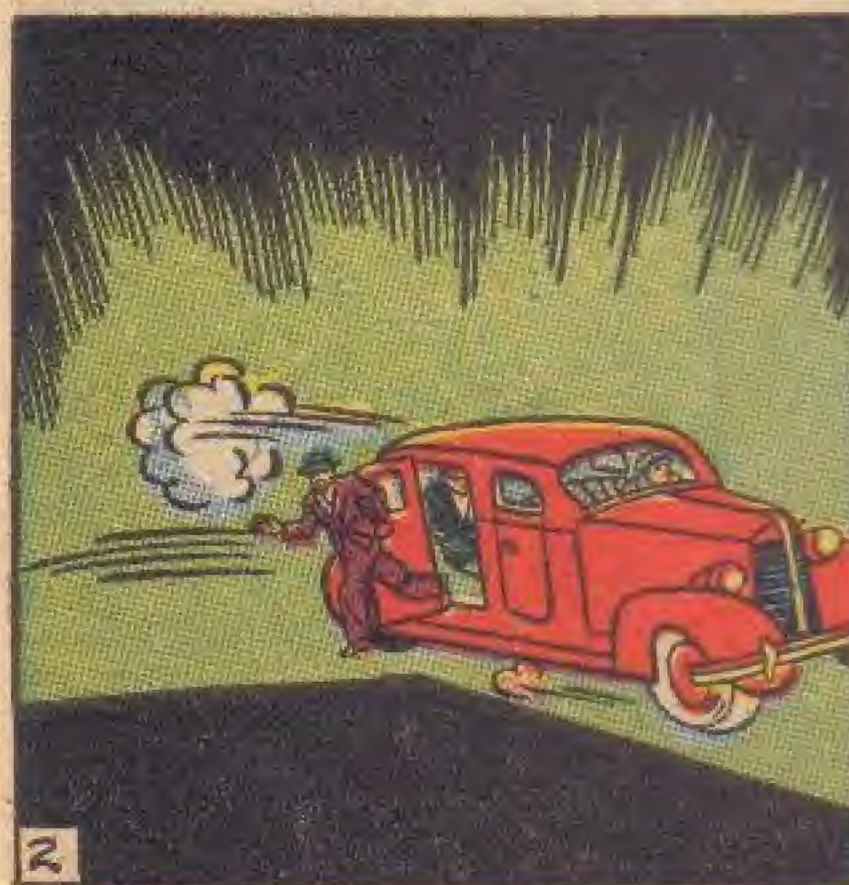
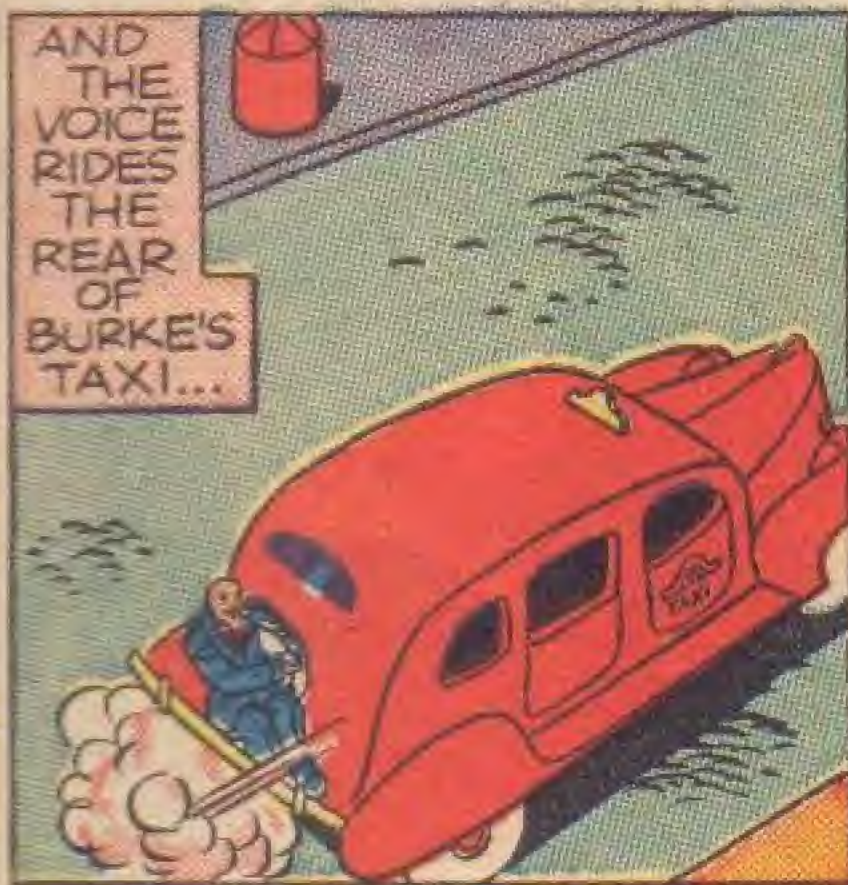


"THE VOICE"

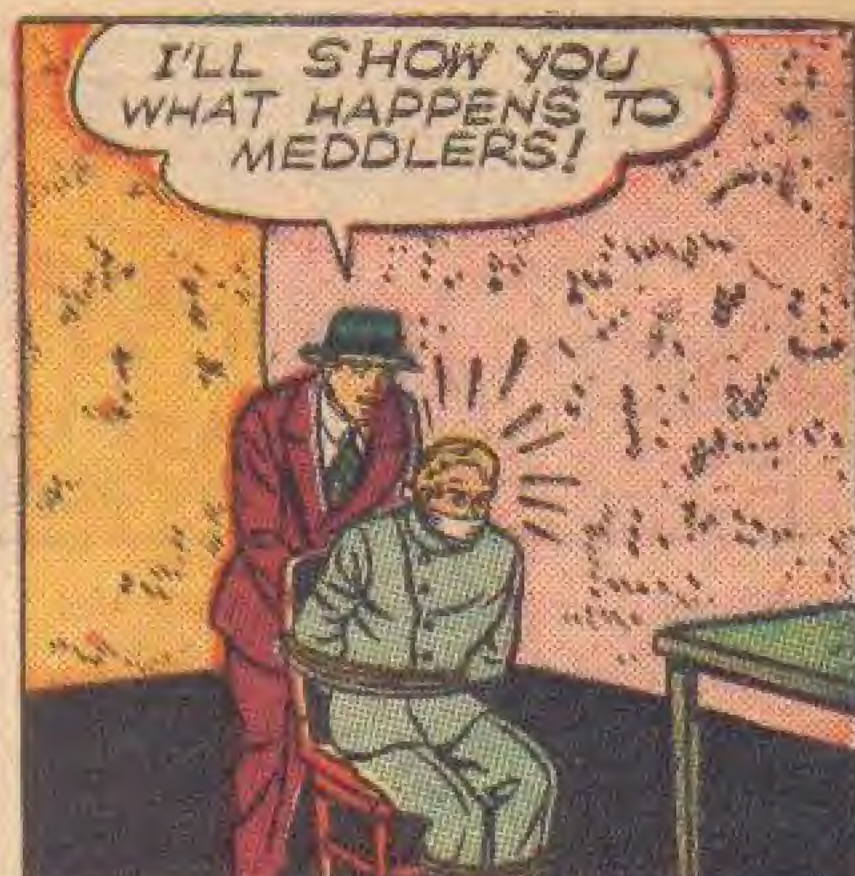
"MURDER
TUNES
IN"

A POPULAR
RADIO ANNOUNCER
HAS BEEN
MURDERED....
TWO WEEKS
LATER A SOUND
ENGINEER SUDDENLY
DISAPPEARS...
THE POLICE
ARE BAFLED--
A FEW DAYS
PASS AND A CAR
CRASHES INTO A
BRIDGE RAILING..









SPOOK SHIP

BY ROBERT M. HYATT

The stillness that clung over the sea was like a great weight; it had come with darkness and was augmented by a thick, damp fog that was moving low over the water. To Dick Gorrie, at the wheel of the *Nocturne*, it was like a phalanx of gray ghosts marching out of the east.

Ghosts!

For many nights now ghosts had ruled the sea! A whole crew of ghosts, sailing on a ship of the dead! Dick remembered with a shudder that terrible ship with its skeletal masts rising out of the mists, its ornate bowsprit from a long-gone era, its bare spars which, somehow, seemed to carry their full complement of canvas.

Dick was far from being superstitious, as many sailors were; but there was something about a sailing ship that sailed without wind, that sent a chill down one's spine. For that's exactly what had happened. Each night, now, for nearly two weeks, the ghostly three-master had suddenly appeared out of the swirling fog . . . and pandemonium had broken loose. Or so the crews of various salvage companies had reported.

Nor was that all; men had died—almost a dozen of them—from shots fired from that eerie ship. And at least three valuable salvage boats had been sunk in this area of haunted sea.

Dick turned from staring into the growing darkness and spoke to Doug, his younger brother, who had charge of stores on the *Nocturne*:

"Any word from Guthrie?"

"Not yet," Doug replied. "But

Sparks sent a message just after seven."

"The old boy's pretty mad, I imagine," Dick went on: "Don't blame him much, losing two ships in a week . . . well, we're not going to lose the *Nocturne*."

"We *lope*," amended Doug; "if we put up a fight the same thing'll happen to us as did to the *Tricon* and *Lady D*."

That was the tough part of it, Dick admitted to himself. The skippers of both their other boats had refused to obey the commands of the ghost ship's master—and both had been shelled and sunk. Captain Hayes of the *Tricon* had been killed along with six of his men.

Dick watched the darkness ahead. The sea was a flat mirror. Would it soon be reflecting the stark outlines of that ship with its corps of dead? He mused a moment on this strange sea mystery. Not in years had anything so amazing happened in these waters; in any others for that matter. Every salvage company in Trinidad had tackled this job; all had suffered heavy losses and given up. They could cope with flesh and blood, but not with ghosts!

It was a fine prize, too. The *David G.* had gone down with better than four million in gold bullion. She lay at twelve fathoms, easy pickings for modern divers. *British Lion* had gone out after her first; had made soundings and established her correct location. But no sooner had divers prepared to descend to her hulk than mysterious shots had come out of the ever-present fog blanketing this area, and the *British*

Lion's boats had scampered away.

Every other firm had tried its hand, with the same results. The ghost ship had first been seen by a small American company from Tampa. They had reported it in a dense fog; then their radio had gone dead. They had never returned to port. And now . . .

It was at this point in Dick's ramblings that Sparks ran up with a message: a Fruit Line boat out of Bermuda had been attacked by mysterious pirates. They were leaking fast. They wanted help.

"Where are they?" asked Dick.

"Close by," answered Sparks. "Probably ten miles. Here's their location."



Dick nodded and ordered up speed.

In slightly under an hour they sighted the fruiter. She was scurrying madly to the north. And pursuing her was—the ghost ship!

Dick brought the *Nocturne* around. There was nothing they could do. They carried no guns. And, of course, the fruiter didn't either. It looked like a race to the death, with the prey badly crippled.

The boom of guns could be heard out of the fog. The ghost ship was gaining rapidly on the stricken fruit boat. Dick kept the *Nocturne*

a quarter-mile off and watched the race. The fruit boat passed, then the high-powered ghost ship bore down, not two cable-lengths behind. Even at a quarter-mile, she was plainly visible, though Dick could have sworn that he could look right through her bleached hull to the swirling mists beyond.

Then suddenly she was blotted out, as if she had been swallowed up by the damp cloak of night. But soon she reappeared again. Two more shots rattled across the water, then the ghost ship heeled as she was brought about under the invisible hand of her helmsman from the grave. As Dick and his entire crew watched, she suddenly disappeared.

Ghost ship! There was no doubt of it. And yet, Dick reasoned, a ghost ship (there was the fabulous *Flying Dutchman*) should be firing guns that made no sound! Something was wrong here . . .

By this time the fruit boat was out of danger, at least of pursuit, and their operator reported that they would be able to make it into port without assistance.

"Guthrie come through yet?" Dick asked of Sparks.

"Nary a squeak. Funny, isn't it?"

Dick admitted it was. As everyone knew, in the employ of the Guthrie Company, "Old Man" Guthrie was not one to let things rest. He was hot after this salvage. And he would be the last one to give up — even to a bunch of ghosts!

"We'll hang around," said Dick. "Keep trying to get him."

An hour passed and the silence grew more profound. Then far overhead Dick heard the drone of a plane. The sound quickly increased.

"Must be figuring on a landing," Dick told Doug. "I wonder—"

"Look!" Doug said. A bright searchlight cut through the gloom and then the big amphib was slapping the water. With motors thundering, she taxied toward the *Nocturne* and a booming voice

came across the water:

"How goes it, Dick?"

"The Old Man!" exclaimed young Gorrie to his brother. "He foxed us . . . I wonder what's the idea?"

One of the crew lowered the small boat and Dick put off for the big craft. Guthrie met him, then introduced a young man by the name of Perry Scott.

"He's something of a marine scientist," Guthrie said. "He's down here to clear up the spook ship mystery."

Dick related the events of the past few hours and then they were rowed back to the *Nocturne*, and the pilot of the amphib took off. Guthrie explained to the crew of the ship that Perry Scott would be in sole charge from here on.

Scott issued some orders: They



were to cruise south at half speed and keep a sharp lookout for the ghostly three-master. If sighted, he would handle things in his own way. This Scott chap, Dick reasoned, seemed to know what he was about.

They moved through the gloom, all eyes alert. They had sailed scarcely a half hour when the lookout announced that a dim shape had materialized out of the fog on their starb'd beam. Instantly the railing was crowded with anxious figures peering into the thick mists. Gradually the shape became the well-known outlines of the weird craft. As she moved up upon them, her moist decks deserted, a gun barked and a shot screamed over their bows. Scott ordered the ship about

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2145 Grand River Detroit, Mich.

and they lay to . . . waiting . . . for what?

"Just what I thought," Perry Scott said as if to himself. "It's Rennicker, renegade salvage outfit owner. He's given salvage crews plenty of trouble all over these seas. He picked quite a neat little trick this time to scare off the rest of the outfits. Watch!"

Perry set off a flare pistol. The brilliant light, ballooning in the dark skies, cut through the fog and they could see the dark bulk of a fast cutter about two hundred yards from the ghost ship.

"I don't quite get it," Dick said.

"He runs without lights," Perry explained. "He can only work this trick when there's a heavy fog."

"You mean—" Dick began.

"Exactly. The ghost ship is nothing more than a movie projected against the fog."

"What are we going to do about it?" Doug wanted to know. "We can't capture an armed vessel, can we?"

Perry shook his head. "Uncle Sam will take care of that," he said. "If you look hard enough you can see two or three coast guard cutters closing in on our old friend Rennicker."

READ 'ANTIDOTE'
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT YARN
In the October Issue / ON SALE
OF FEATURE COMICS / AUG. 23RD

THE
MYSTERY
MOTOR

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

by
Harry
Francis
Campbell

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN AND
LIEUTENANT JACKSON OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE, HAVE BEEN MADE TO RESEMBLE TWINS
BY PLASTIC SURGERY. THUS THEY WAR ON SPIES.

IN AN ISOLATED WORKSHOP,
A GREAT INVENTOR PUTS
THE FINAL TOUCHES ON A
REVOLUTIONARY NEW MOTOR.

WEATHERBEE CALLING M.I. IN
WASHINGTON...THE MOTOR
IS ABOUT FINISHED...



BUT SPIES ALSO WAIT FOR
THIS MESSAGE TO WASHINGTON

THE MOTOR IS ABOUT
FINISHED

THEES EES IT!
GET THE BEARING
ON THEES
TRANSMITTER

WEATHERBEE AND HEES PLANS
ARE ON LAGUNA MESA
IN NEW MEXICO. THE
PLANS ARE AS
GOOD AS OURS
NOW,
NICKO!

AND AFTER CROSS-BEARINGS
ARE PLOTTED ON A MAP.

...SPY PLANES ROAR TOWARD
WEATHERBEE'S SECRET WORK-
SHOP ATOP LAGUNA MESA.



WE WEEL JUS' WAIT.
WEATHERBEE MUS' COME
DOWN THEES PATH
WITH THEE PLANS...
...THEN...

WEETH THEES MOTOR
OUR COUNTRY EES
INVINCIBLE!

AND SOON FURTIVE FIGURES
WATCH THE ONE PATHWAY TO
THE MESA'S TOP

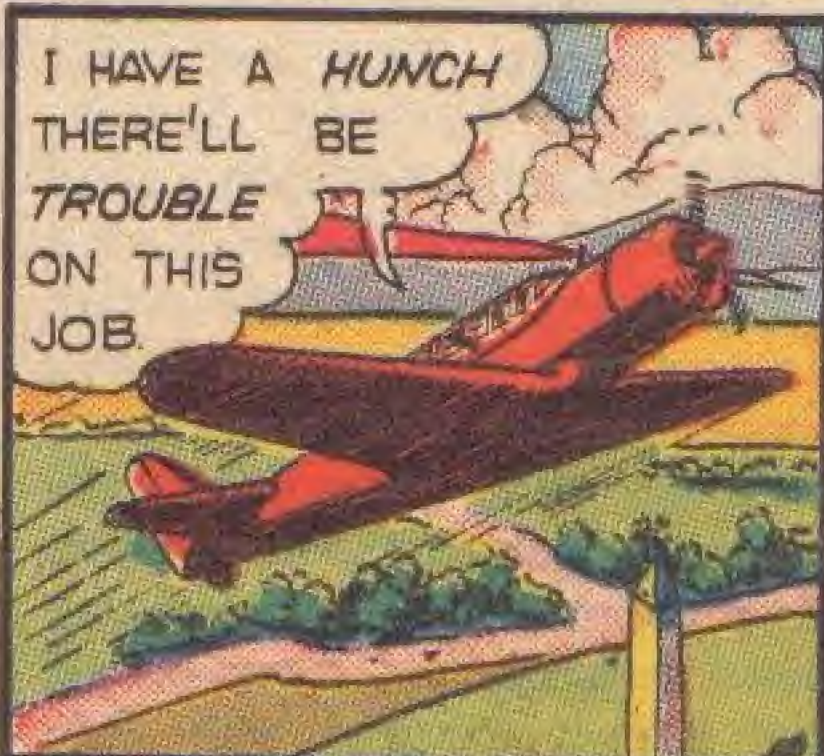
BRUCE? COLONEL JORDAN
SPEAKING, WEATHERBEE'S
MOTOR IS ABOUT FINISHED.
FLY OUT TO HIS MESA AND
BRING BACK THE PLANS.
I DON'T EXPECT
ANY TROUBLE,
STILL ~

MEANWHILE, AT MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS

ALL RIGHT, COLONEL...WILL YOU
HAVE AN ARMY OBSERVATION
SHIP MADE READY FOR
ME? I'LL LEAVE IN
AN HOUR.



I HAVE A HUNCH
THERE'LL BE
TROUBLE
ON THIS
JOB.



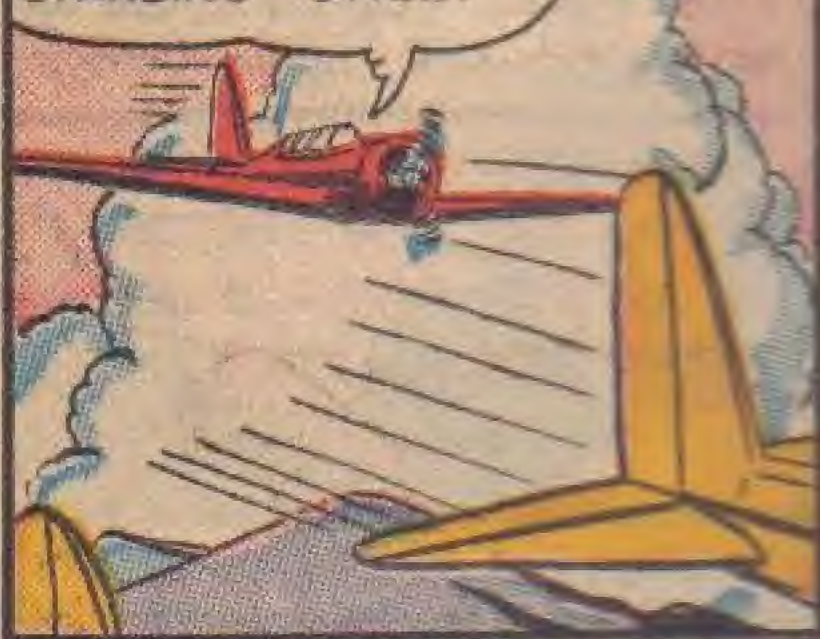
BRUCE TAKES OFF FOR THE MESA

I DON'T LIKE THOSE
SHIPS FOLLOWING
ME!



AND 12 HOURS
LATER...

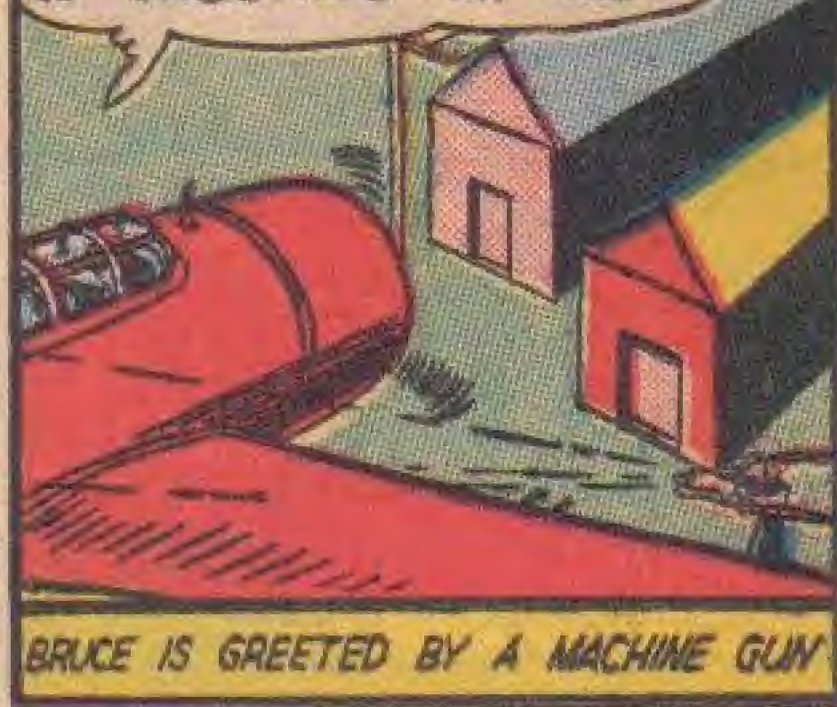
GOSH! THOSE SHIPS ARE FAST.
PASSED ME LIKE I WAS
STANDING STILL.



THERE'S THE MESA. NOW TO
SET DOWN!

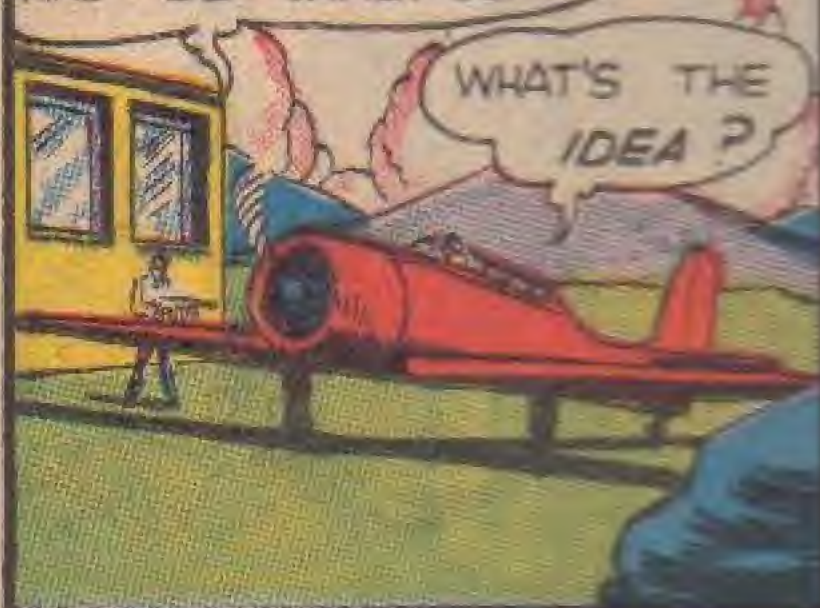


WHAT THE--THAT LUNATIC
IS SHOOTING AT ME!



BRUCE IS GREETED BY A MACHINE GUN

GET OUT OF THAT SHIP!
AND BE CAREFUL!



WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

AS BRUCE ROLLS TO A STOP

SORRY, CAPTAIN. I'M WEATHERBEE,
AND I'VE BEEN HAVING
AN AWFUL TIME
FIGHTING OFF
SPIES!



WHAT?
ALREADY?

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT.

AFTER BRUCE HAD
IDENTIFIED HIMSELF.

YES, SPIES! JUST YOU
START DOWN THAT
PATH AND YOU'LL
FIND OUT!



I'LL
DO
JUST THAT!

WELL! LOOKS LIKE
WEATHERBEE
WAS RIGHT.



BRUCE STARTS DOWN
THE PATH WITH A
BOGUS ROLL OF PLANS

BACK TO THE TOP
OF THE MESA
FOR ME!



WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT,
WEATHERBEE. WE CAN'T
GET YOUR PLANS DOWN
THAT PATH!



I TOLD YOU
SO!

AND THOSE SPY SHIPS THAT
FOLLOWED ME HERE CAN
FLY CIRCLES AROUND MY
CRATE. WE CAN'T GET OUT
THAT WAY. SAY-- HOW
GOOD IS THIS MOTOR
OF YOURS?



THE MODEL I HAVE HERE
TURNS OUT 800 HORSEPOWER
AND WEIGHS LESS THAN 200
POUNDS.



SAY-- MAYBE
MY PLAN WILL
WORK! LISTEN...

OF COURSE I CAN MAKE THE CHANGE, CAPTAIN! AND MY GASOLINE TURBINE WILL DO THE TRICK.

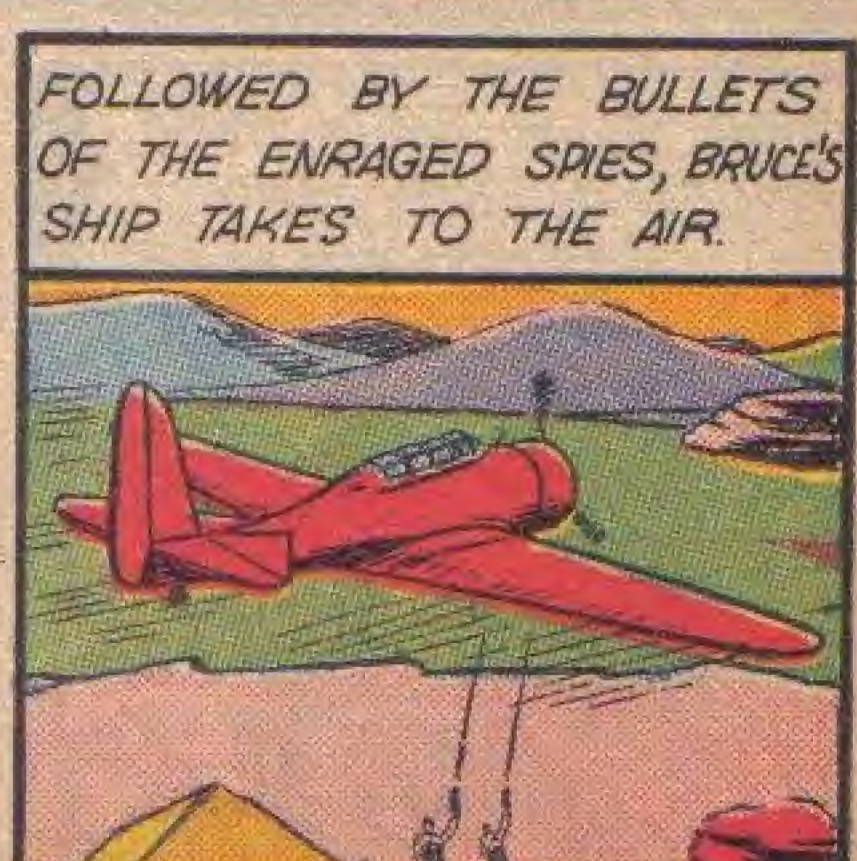
WELL, HOP TO IT, FAST!

AND AFTER BRUCE HAS EXPLAINED...

YOU CAN TAKE THE MACHINE GUN AND GUARD THE TOP OF THE PATH, CAPTAIN. I CAN DO THE OTHER JOB ALL RIGHT.

WHAT DO WE WAIT FOR? THE PLANS ARE FINISHED, NOW WE TAKE THEM! COME, LET US GO!

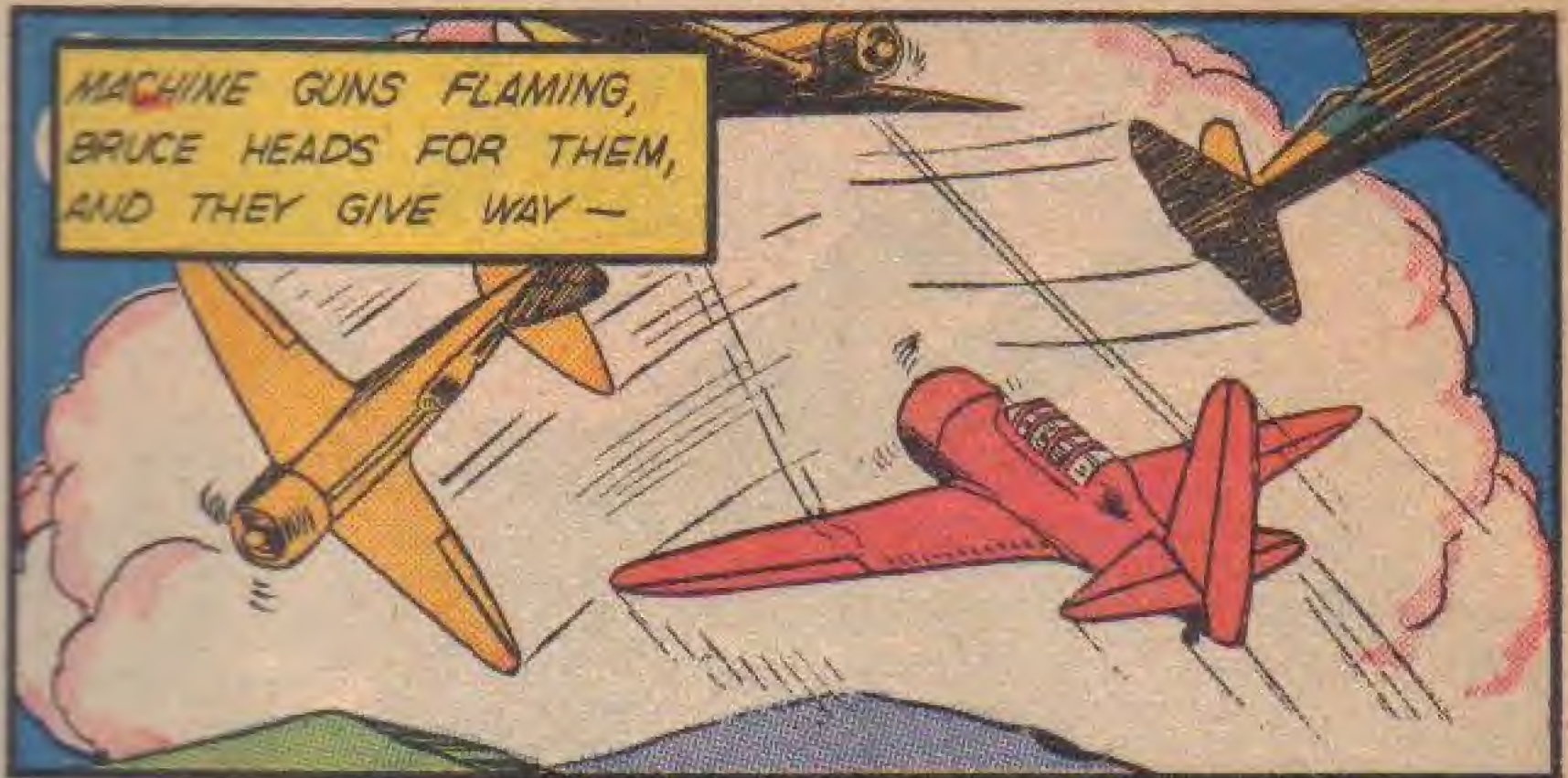
MEANWHILE, THE SPIES GROW RESTIVE



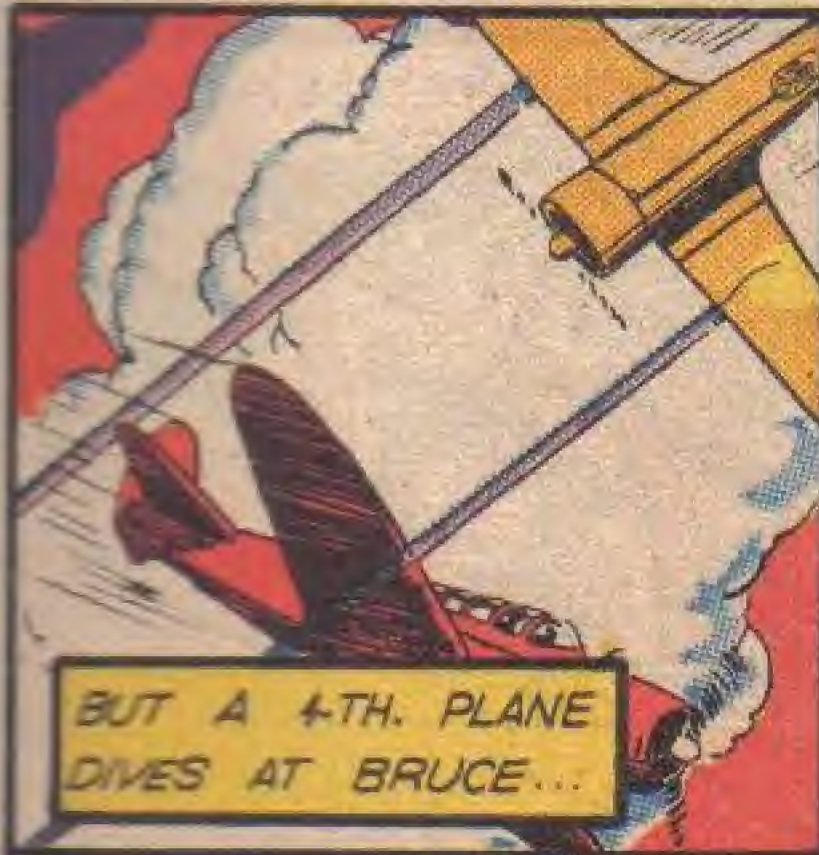
AHEAD BRUCE SEES THE 3 SHIPS THAT HAD FOLLOWED HIM TO THE MESA.



MACHINE GUNS FLAMING, BRUCE HEADS FOR THEM, AND THEY GIVE WAY—

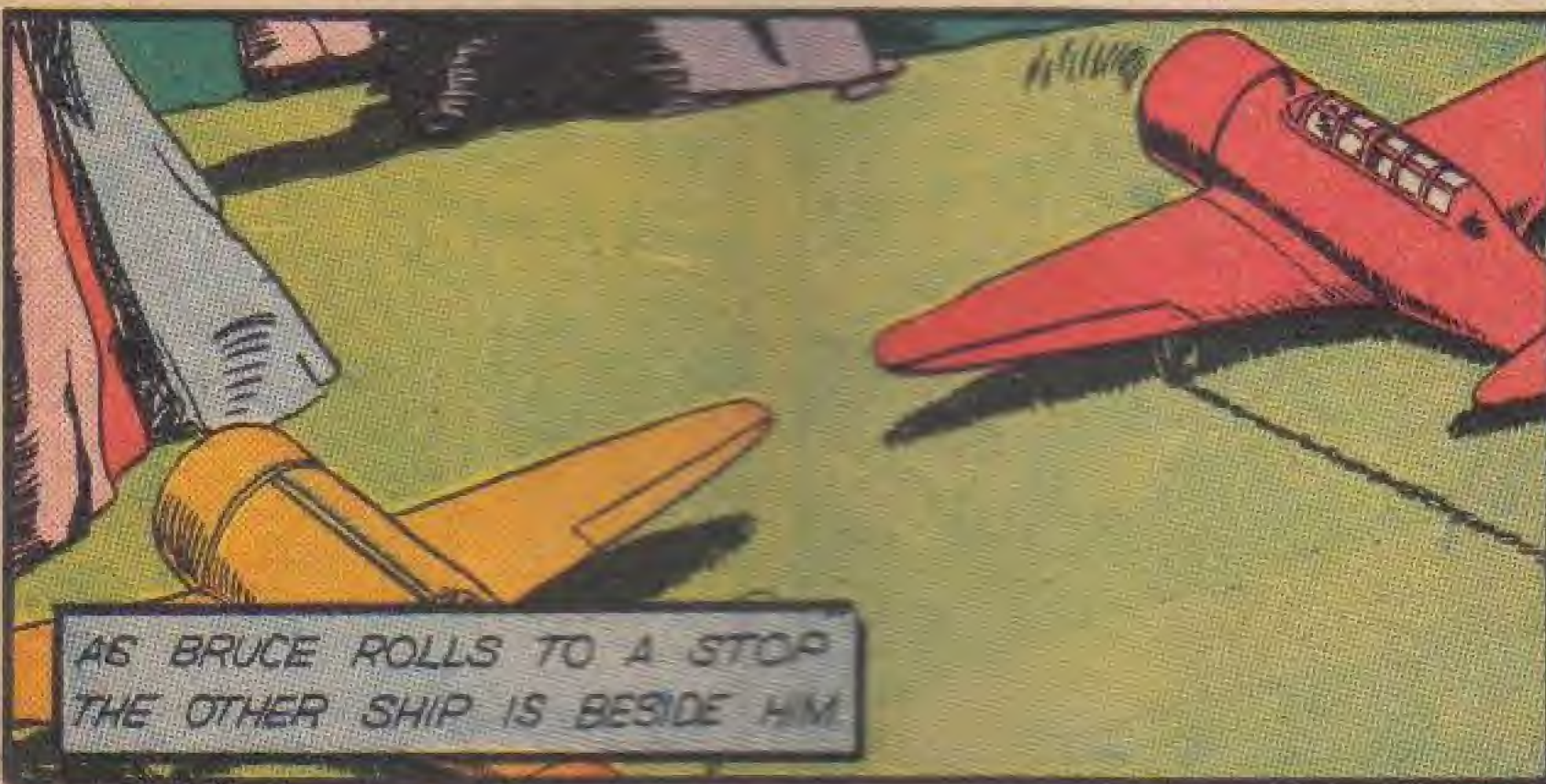


BRUCE OUTDISTANCES THEM



BUT A 4TH. PLANE DIVES AT BRUCE...

HE GOT THE RUDDER CONTROL CABLE! HAVE TO SET THIS DOWN FAST!



AS BRUCE ROLLS TO A STOP THE OTHER SHIP IS BESIDE HIM

HAND OVER THE PLANS, AN' SIT IN THE SHIP—VERY QUIET!

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?



GUARD THEM WHILE I TAKE THESE PLANS TO HIS EXCELLENCY. IF THEY ARE THE *RIGHT* ONES, POOF! TWO SHOTS... AND IT IS OVER!



AS THE SPY PLANE TAKES OFF WITH THE PLANS...

I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING. FOLLOW MY "PLAY."

OK.



O.K. JOE! JUMP HIM!

WHAT?



WITH A FLICK OF HIS WRIST, BRUCE THROWS A WRENCH



AS THE STARTLED SPY TURNS HIS HEAD, BRUCE LEAPS



HE'S OUT COLD, WEATHERBEE. WATCH HIM WHILE I SPLICE THAT CONTROL CABLE!



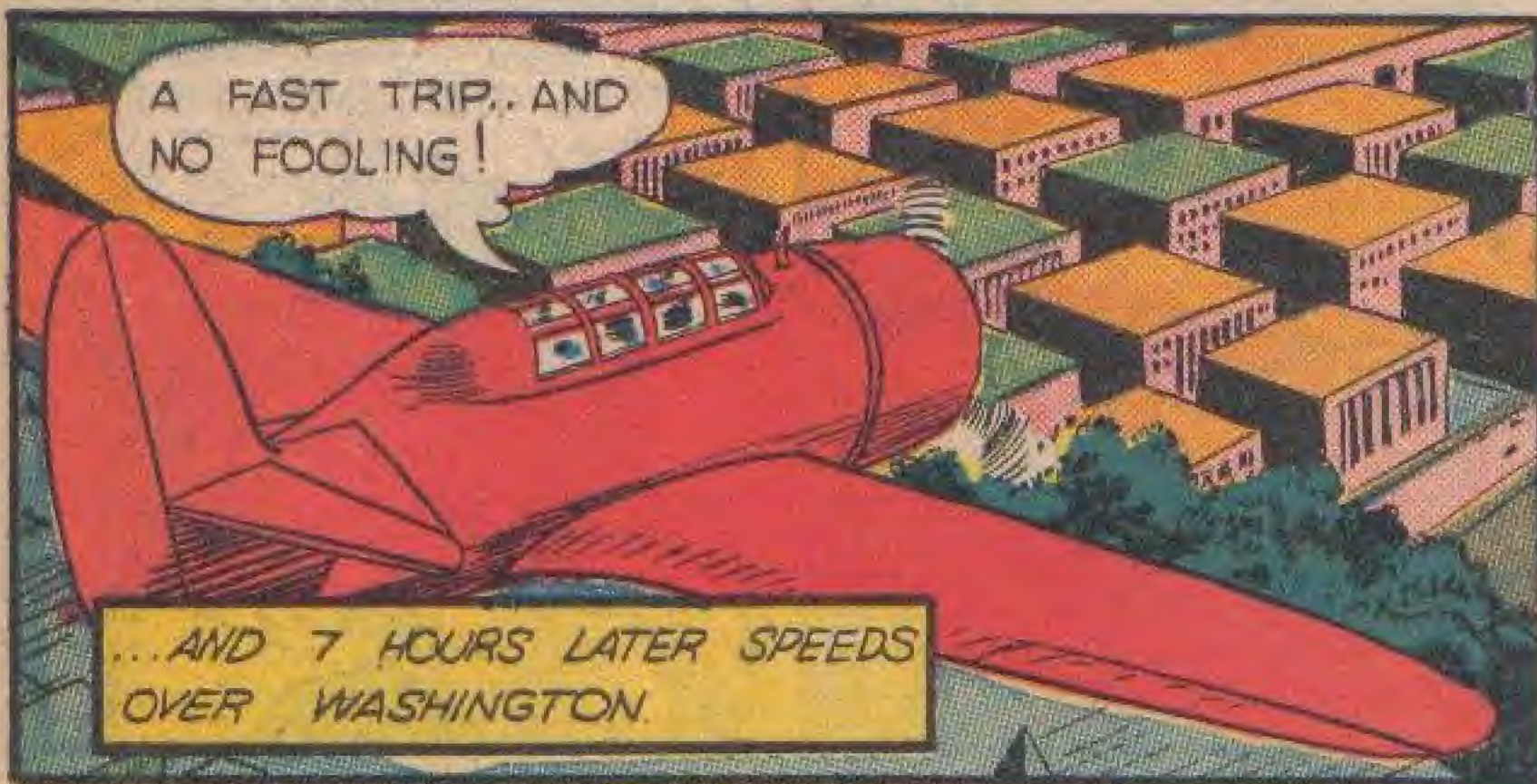
THERE...THAT SHOULD HOLD UNTIL WE GET TO WASHINGTON.



O.K. WEATHERBEE, LET'S GO!



ONCE MORE THE SHIP ROARS INTO THE AIR...



A FAST TRIP...AND NO FOOLING!

...AND 7 HOURS LATER SPEEDS OVER WASHINGTON.



WELL, BRUCE, WHERE ARE THE PLANS?

THE SPIES GOT THE ONLY PLANS WE BROUGHT WITH US, COLONEL!

LATER, IN BRUCE'S 'ANTIQUE SHOP'



CAPTAIN! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE FAILED ME!

BUT, THE PLANS THE SPIES GOT WERE FAKES!



WE BURNED THE REAL PLANS BEFORE WE LEFT THE MESA!

BURNED THE PLANS! YOU MUST BE MAD!

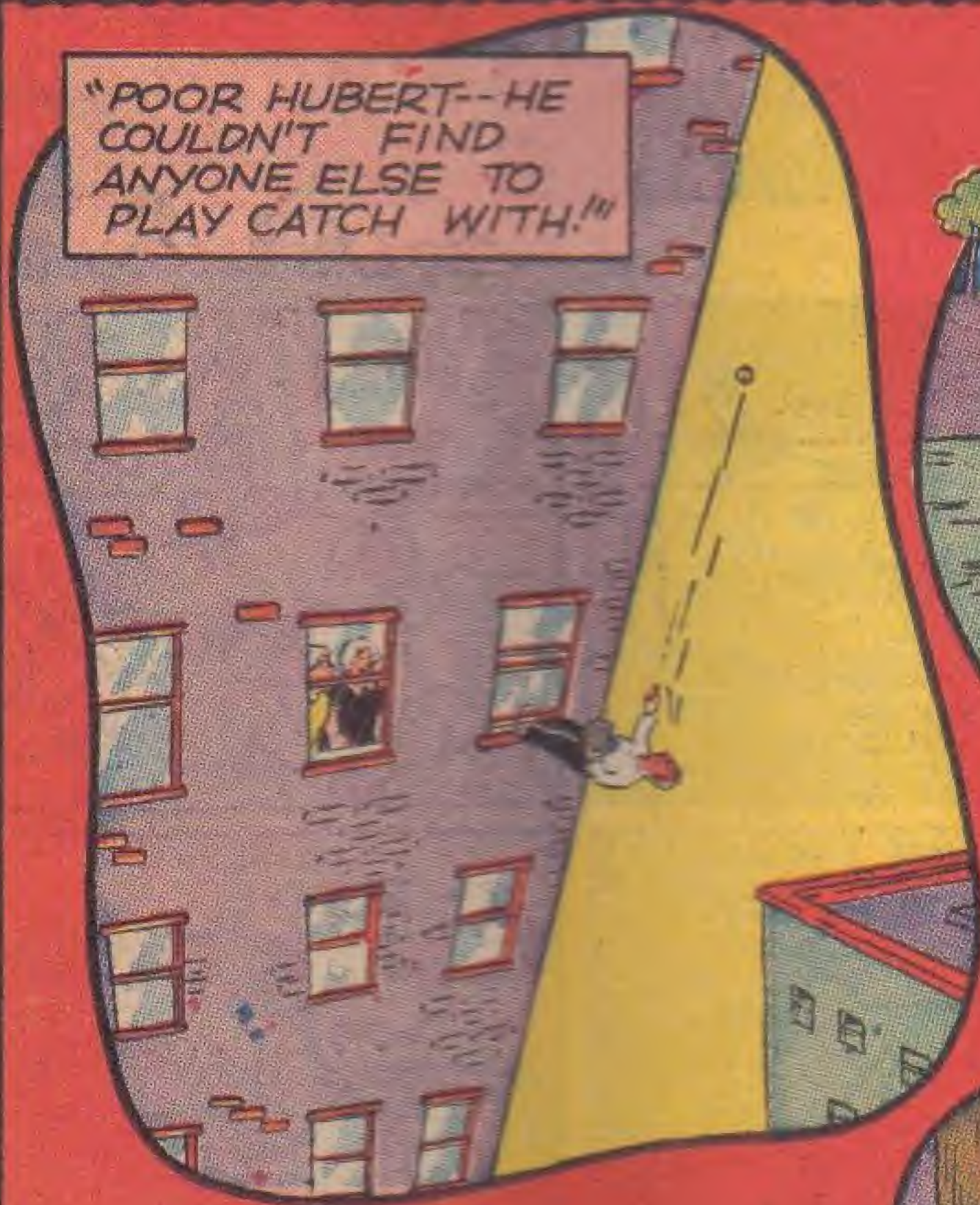


BUT, COLONEL, I BROUGHT BACK WEATHERBEE'S MOTOR! OR RATHER, IT BROUGHT US BACK. YOU SEE, IT IS IN THE NOSE OF MY SHIP!

YOU ALMOST GAVE ME HEART FAILURE, BRUCE!

HAVE A LAUGH

"POOR HUBERT--HE
COULDN'T FIND
ANYONE ELSE TO
PLAY CATCH WITH!"



"JUST LIKE A
WOMAN! SHE
WON'T COME IN
BECAUSE IT'LL
SPOIL HER CURLS!"

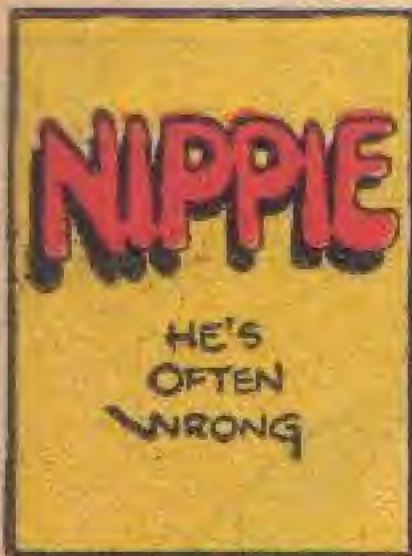


"OOPS! TH-THEY
MUSTA BEEN
TOO TIGHT!"



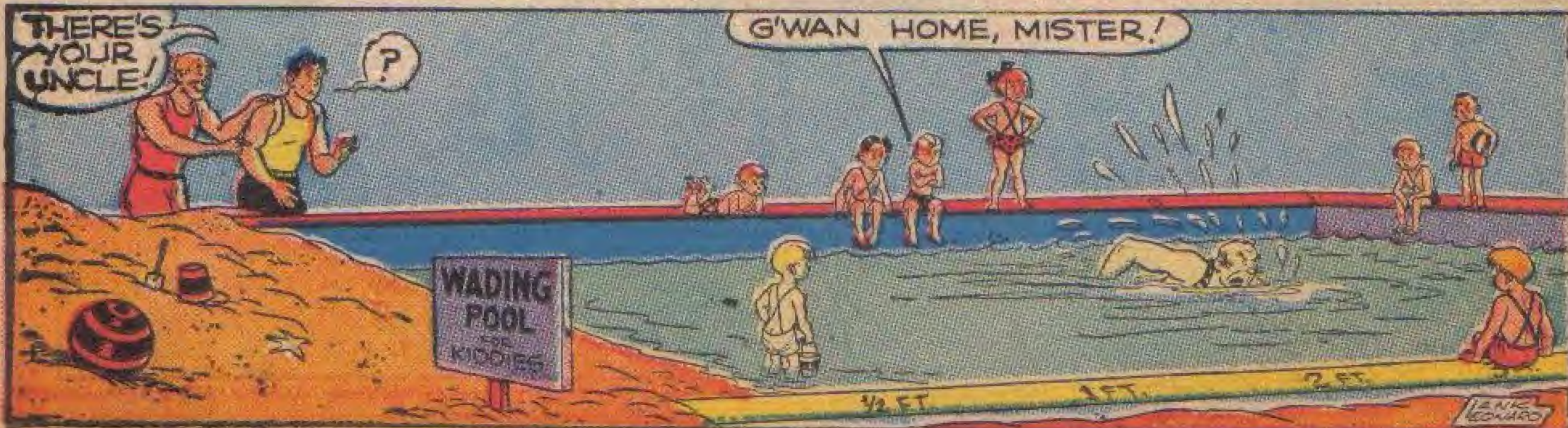
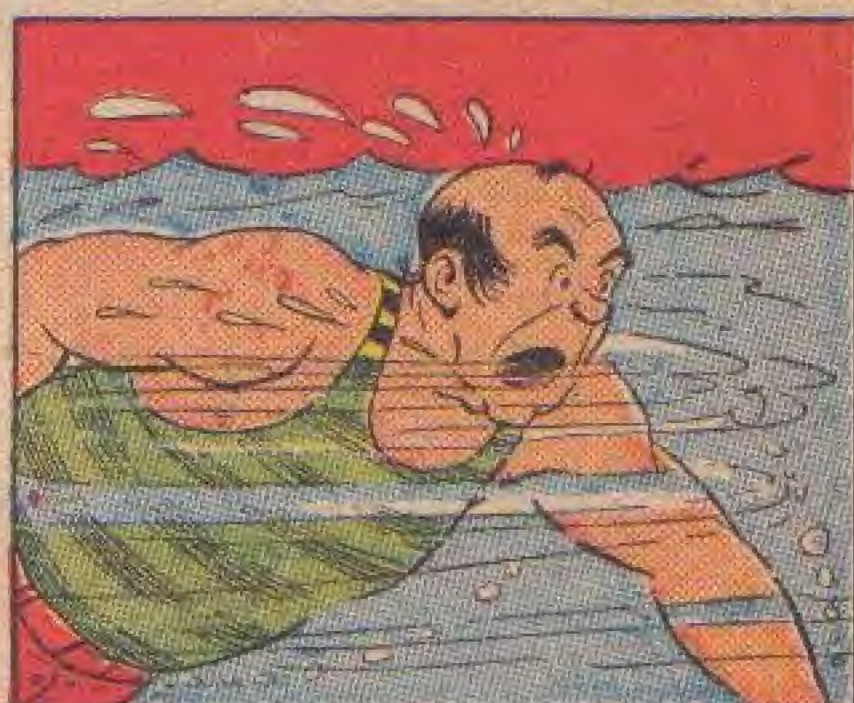
"BOY SCOUT OR NO BOY SCOUT--
YOU'LL HAFTA STOP THIS
TRAIL BLAZING!"





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

NIPPIE—I
DON'T THINK
YOU'RE BIG
ENOUGH TO
CARRY OUR
FLAG!

AW—DON'T
WORRY---I
CAN HANDLE
IT OKAY!

HELP!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

DID YOU TELL MR.
HENRY THAT YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
WAS COMING
IN TO BUY A
NEW SUIT,
MICHAEL?

SURE—AN
HE SAID
HE'D SEE
THAT HE GOT
ONE OF THE
NICEST SUITS
IN THE STORE!

HEY
MISTER--
PSSSTT!

HENR
MEN'S SH

SURE—I WAS
GOIN' IN HERE
TO BUY A
NEW SUIT---
WHY??

FOLLOW ME
AROUND THE
CORNER---I
CAN SAVE YOU
A LOT OF
MONEY!

HENRY
MEN'S SHOP

LOOK/HERE'S
GENUINE
THISTLE
TWEED--
SMUGGLED INTO
THE COUNTRY---
IT'S VERY
COSTLY!

HOW MUCH
WOULD IT
COST THAVE
A SUIT
MADE OF
IT?

I'LL SELL YOU
ENOUGH TO MAKE
A SUIT FOR
TEN DOLLARS--
AND MY TAILOR
WILL MAKE IT
FOR TEN
MORE

TWENTY
BUCKS
EH?
OKAY--
IT'S A
DEAL!

YOU'RE SURE
THIS IS A
VERY
CHOICE
MATERIAL?

POSITIVELY!!
THERE ISN'T
ANOTHER SUIT
LIKE IT IN THE
COUNTRY!!

B-BUT UNCLE
PHIL—I TOLD
MR. HENRY
YOU'D GET
A SUIT
THERE---

HE COULDN'T
SELL ME A
CLASSY SUIT
LIKE THIS! WHY
THE GANG WILL
DIE OF ENVY---

DRUGS

BOYS—THIS
IS A VERY
RARE
CLOTH--NO
OTHER MAN
HAS A SUIT
LIKE IT---

WHO'D
EVER
WANT
ONE
!!

BAH!!
WE'VE
HEARD
NOTHING
BUT SUIT--
SUIT--SUIT!

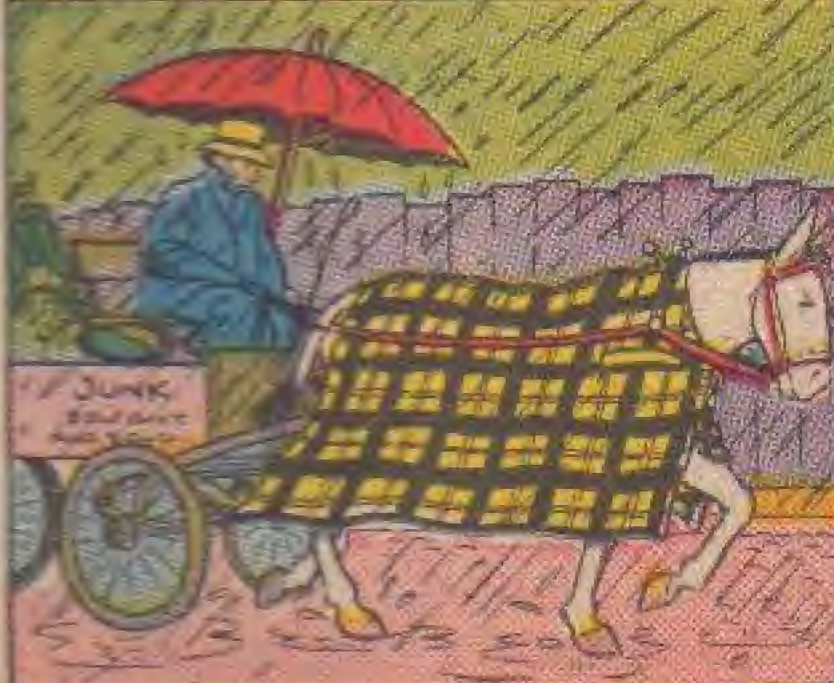
HEY BOYS!
COME HERE
QUICK---
LOOK!!

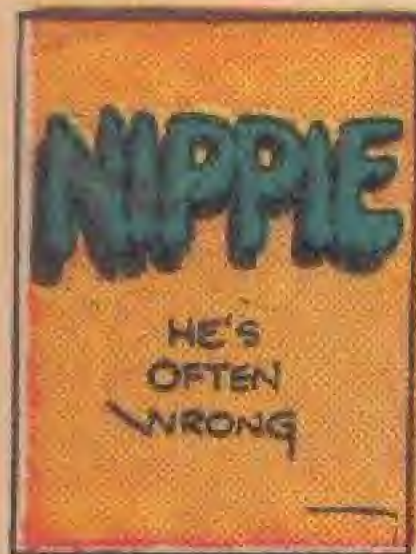


I'LL GIVE
YOU TWO
DOLLARS
FOR IT!

OKAY!

ACME
SECOND HAND
CLOTHES SHOP

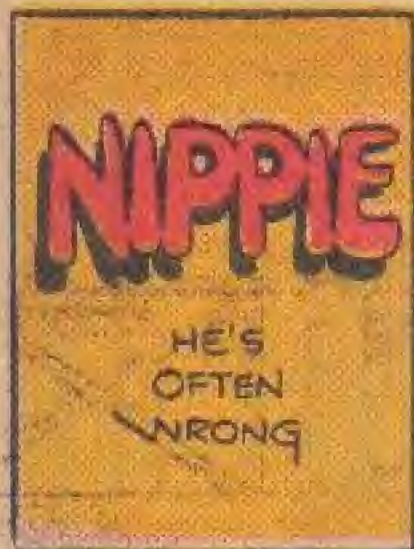




MICKEY FINN

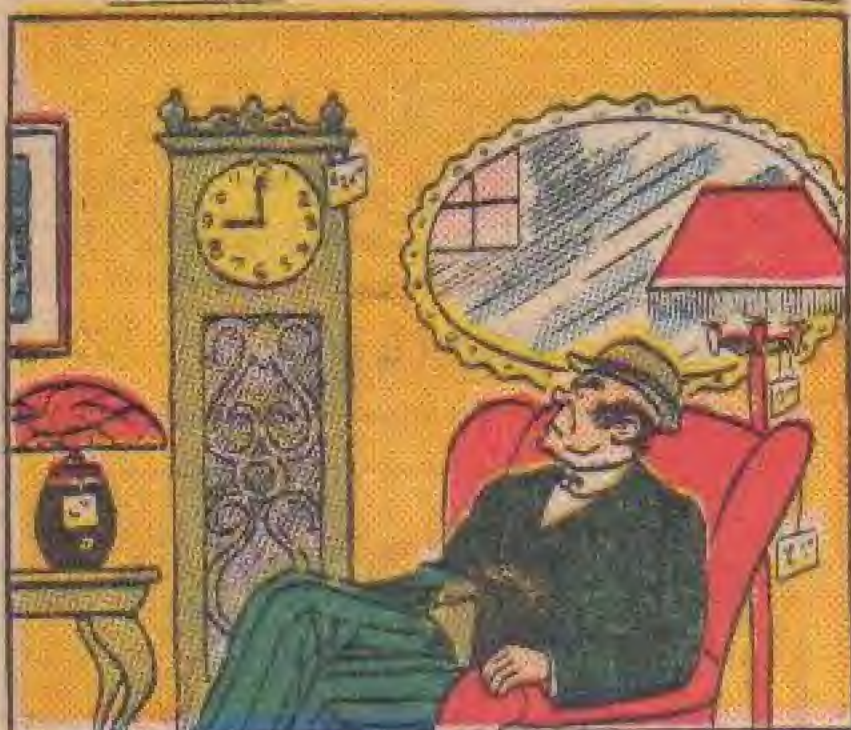
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



MORE OF MICKEY FINN AND UNCLE PHIL IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS.

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE



BY NOEL FOWLER

A TIMID TAPPING ON THE DOOR STIRS ZERO FROM AN EVENING'S RELAXATION...



I'M JANE DARWELL. I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU AT THIS HOUR, BUT YOU MUST HELP ME!



I-I THINK I'M BEING HAUNTED! SOMEONE... SOMETHING... FOLLOWS ME EVERYWHERE! I... FEEL IT!



MY FRIENDS THINK I'VE GONE MAD... D-DO YOU?

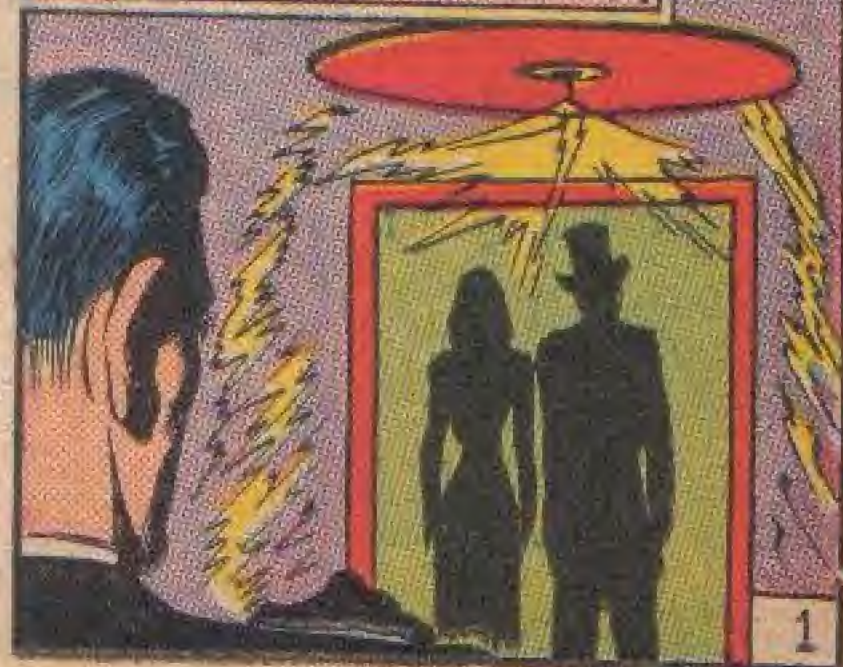
NO, OF COURSE NOT!

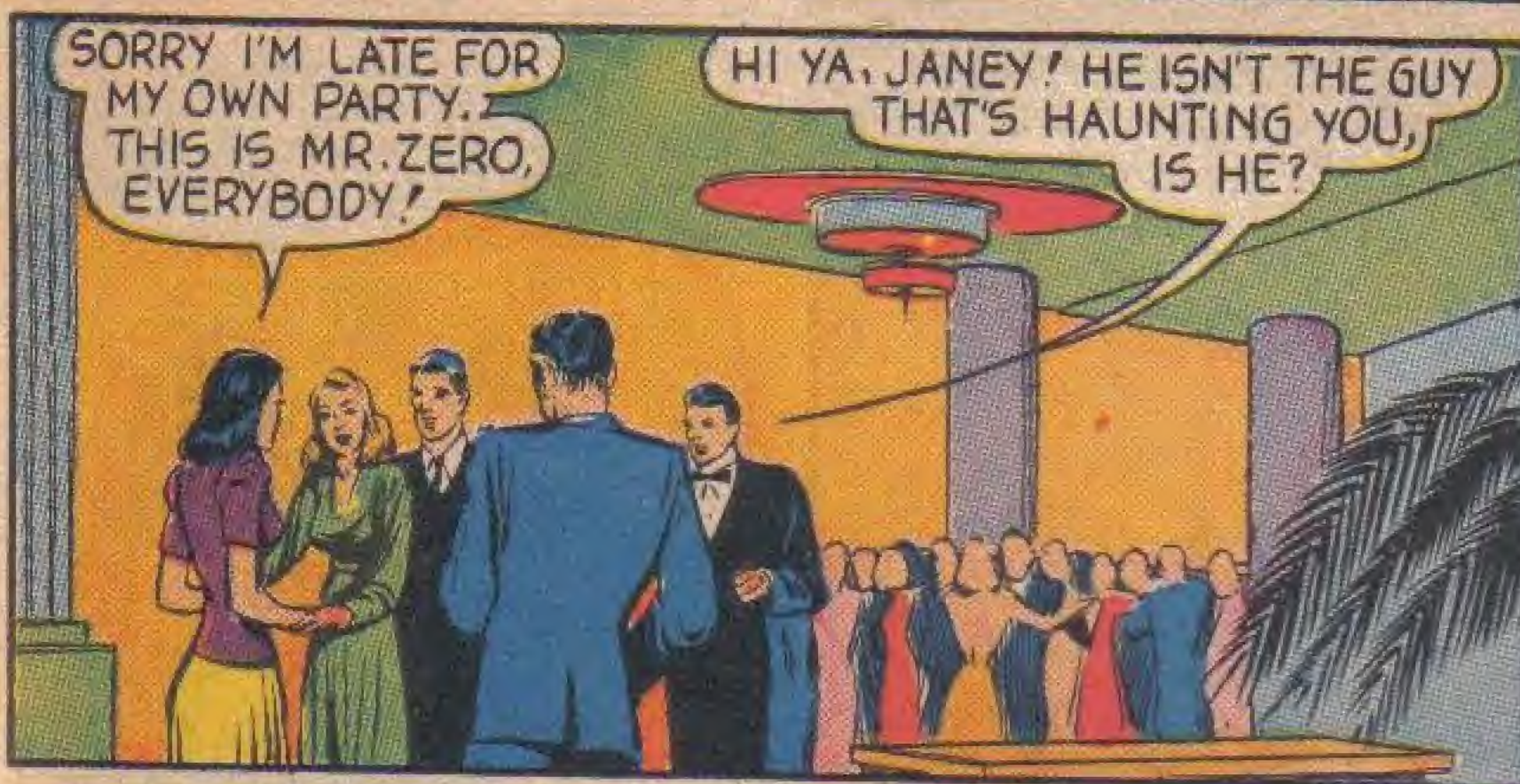
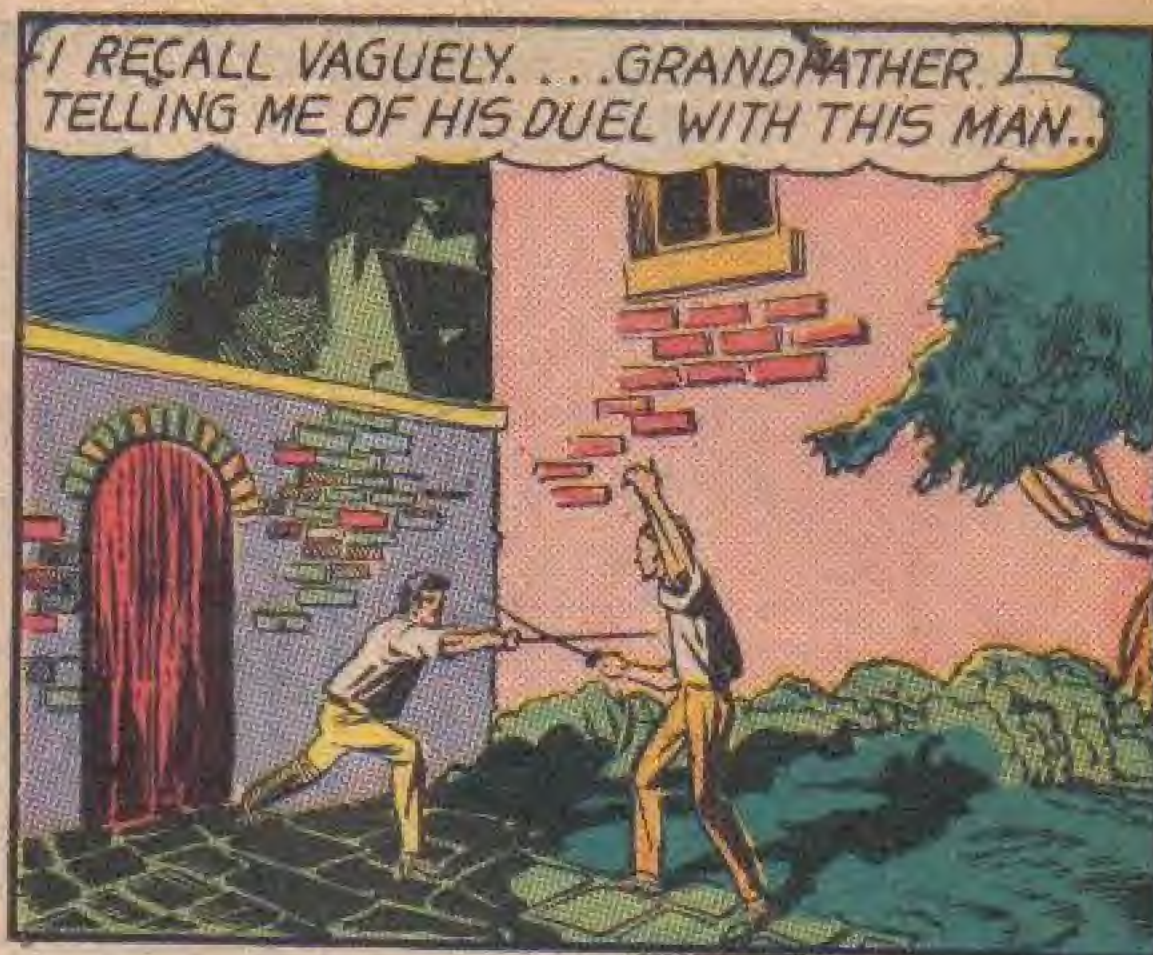


COME INTO MY LAB! I'LL TEST YOU FOR WRAITHS.



A SUPER Q-RAY SHOWS ZERO HER GHOSTLY "ESCORT".





THE ROOM IS THE LIBRARY, USED BY MANY GENERATIONS OF JANE DARWELL'S FAMILY.



SUDDENLY THE SANDS OF TIME SHIFT WITH A DIZZYING SPEED. BACK..BACK..



TO THE DAYS WHEN LOVELY NELL FARREL WAS COURTED BY THE ARDENT STEVEN FISKE.



IF YOU SPURN ME AGAIN, NELL, I CANNOT LIVE!

YOU MUSTN'T TALK LIKE THAT, STEVE.

I SHALL TALK NO MORE! YOU AND I SHALL BOTH DIE!



JUST THEN..

NELL! I HEARD YOUR CRIES! WHAT TH'?? STEVEN FISKE!

OH! JIM!



YOU COWARDLY CUR!

I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT, NELL!

OH!



I'LL GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE!



LATER..

YES, JIM, I'LL BE PROUD TO BE MRS. DARWELL!



AND THEN, NELL'S GRAND-DAUGHTER, JANE DARWELL, IS SHOCKED BACK TO THE PRESENT.



THE APPARITION BECOMES SLIGHTLY VISIBLE..

AS YOU'VE PROBABLY GUESSED, I AM STEVEN FISKE. COME..I HAVE ANOTHER CHAPTER TO SHOW YOU!





SUDDENLY





YOU ARE HER LIVING LIKENESS AND SHALL RETURN WITH ME TO THE PAST!



ZERO RUNS TOWARD JANE AS SHE STRUGGLES WILDLY. SUDDENLY A GLEAM CATCHES HIS EYE!



THE DAGGER THAT KILLED NELL DARWELL! HOW LONG HAS IT LAIN THERE?



MOONBEAMS ON ITS SILVER BLADE WILL DO THE TRICK!

AS HE FLASHES THE KNIFE, THE GHOSTLY FIGURE BACKS AWAY IN MUTED HORROR.



THE DEATH OF JANE'S GRANDMOTHER WILL SPELL YOUR OWN DOOM, FISKE!



HELPLESS, THE BLINDED WRAITH BEGS FOR MERCY...



YOUR MERCY WILL BE ETERNAL REST, WANDERING SPIRIT!



ALL THAT REMAINS OF STEVEN FISKE IS A CROSS CUT BY ZERO IN THE HEAVY BARK.



HE'S GONE! OH, THANK HEAVEN! I'M FREE!



JANE RETURNS TO THE DARWELL HOMESTEAD AND HER PARTY... RELIEVED AT LAST OF HER TERRIBLE FEAR...



YOU KNOW, MR. ZERO, I FEEL SOMETHING LIKE NELL FARREL MUST HAVE FELT WHEN GRANDFATHER FIRST SAVED HER LIFE!

ZERO TRAVELS THE SUPER-NATURAL ROAD TO ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

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After Introductory Sale

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PRINTER'S METAL TYPE
with PRINTER'S INK

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For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies — lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings — the idea that makes possible this LOW price.

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Equipment includes substantially built, ALL STEEL press, mechanically operated rubber ink-roller, 3x3 1/2 inches steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

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TYPE THIS SIZE

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—unless you wish.

When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast \$2.85). OR, if you prefer attach \$2 plus 35c postage and SAVE the C.O.D. fee.

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works like famous
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Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, \$2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast \$2.85). Cash \$2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME.....

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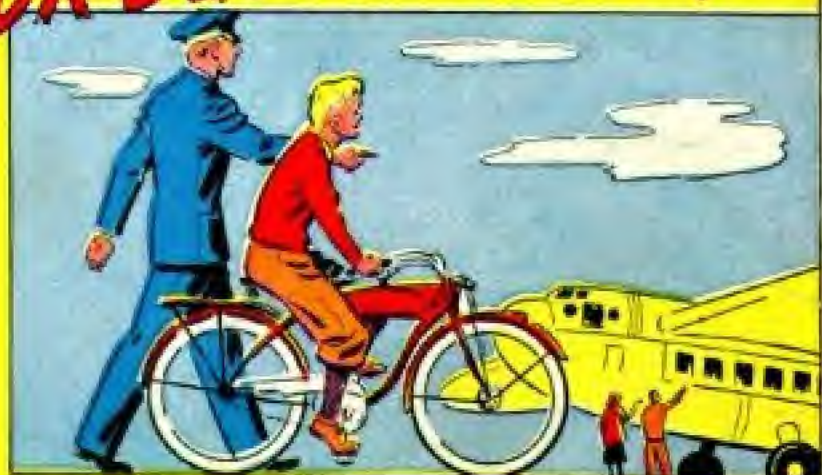
READ THE DOLL MAN each month in FEATURE COMICS

Rapidly becoming the country's favorite comic magazine character, THE DOLL MAN will thrill you with new and unusual adventures every month in FEATURE COMICS. Order your copy of the October issue now—on sale August 23rd.

THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like,
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breezing ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighbor-
hood. Match them hub to hub. And
your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win
hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when
you show them the Spring Fork that
changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the
Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to
a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-
proof Cyclotek . . . rear expander brake
. . . and many other exclusive Schwinn
features.

Then let the gang stand back and
admire the surging grace and super
strength of America's finest bicycle . . .
the bike that's waiting to whisk you
to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

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new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

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